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DRAMATIC PIECES

CALCULATED TO

EXEMPLIFY THE MODE OF CONDUCT WHICH
WILL RENDER

YOUNG LADIES

BOTH AMIABLE AND HAPPY, WHEN THEIR
SCHOOL EDUCATION IS COMPLETED.

Volume I.

CONTAINING THE

GOOD MOTHER-IN-LAW,

AND THE

GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by JOHN MARSHALL and Co. Number 4,

Aldermay Church-Yard, in Bow-Lane.



T H E

GOOD MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A D R A M A,

I N T H R E E A C T S.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

Mr. SUTTON.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Miss SUTTON, aged 14.

Miss FANNY, 13.

Miss CAROLINE, 6.

Master EDWARD, 10.

Master GEORGE, 8.

Master WILLIAM, 5.

Master CHARLES, 3.

Attendants—Mrs. SIMPSON, Mrs. Sutton's Woman; MARY and NANNY, Nursery-Maids.

SCENE—Mr. SUTTON's House.

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE been a reader of the useful publications for children with which the world abounds, till I feel myself inspired with emulation, to devote my own leisure hours to the same benevolent purpose, that so properly employs the pens of many of my sex. The ladies who are already engaged in furnishing a succession of books, fit for children in their *early* years, seem to stand in no need of an auxiliary; being possessed, both of talents and

A 2 industry,

industry, equal to their laudable undertaking; nor do I wish to invade their province; but, as I observe, that these respectable writers content themselves with conducting their pupils to a certain period; I think I may with propriety *follow* them, and offer some hints to young ladies preparatory to (what they are too apt to regard as the æra of liberty) the time of their leaving school; when numbers of unexperienced young persons suppose themselves capable of forming just opinions of people and things, and of regulating their own conduct.

With

P R E F A C E.

v

With a view of preventing, in some degree, this improper SELF-CONFIDENCE, which naturally produces pride, impatience of controul, and various other intellectual deformities, I have projected a design of presenting to the public, a few domestic scenes; calculated to shew, the happy effects of *filial affection*, *sweetness of temper*, and *steadiness of mind*, when exercised in the *season of YOUTH*, towards either *good* or *bad* parents.

Were all persons to discharge their duty to their offspring, it would be *unjust* to exhibit, even fictitious characters of parents in an unamiable light; and it certainly is commendable,

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mendable, in every one concerned in the education of children, to throw a veil over the imperfections of those, whom nature and religion require to be honored and obeyed. But it must be acknowledged and lamented, that many parents indulge themselves in faults, which are productive of much unhappiness to their families; faults, which they do not strive to *hide*, and are therefore *unavoidably* discovered to their children, as soon as they are permitted to *dwell* under the paternal roof, from whence they are almost totally excluded, till they are old enough to distinguish characters: the effect of this is, that many

P R E F A C E. vii

an *amiable* girl, when she returns from school, where she has been accustomed to practise regularity, and receive good instruction, is continually at a loss how to act in a home, where she sees nothing but *idleness, dissipation, passion, and fretfulness*; and consequently through the insinuations of servants, or the inconsiderate advice of *young* friends, may be induced to think, that she is *excuseable* for omitting to pay attention and obedience to those, who neglect to act a parent's part. Would it not, therefore, be a benevolent office, in those who superintend the education of *female* youth in particular, *prudently* to prepare them

them for the conflicts they may be engaged in, by strongly inculcating the duty of a daughter in its utmost extent; and enforcing a persuasion that their felicity principally depends on the rectitude of their *own* conduct; that they may be fortified to bear, with dutiful submission, the many evils which the improper behaviour of *bad* parents may expose them to; or learn to feel the comforts of their situation, if they are blessed with *good* ones?

SECOND MARRIAGES, though in many cases highly expedient, are frequently productive of family discord; for children are usually, by some means or other, prejudiced
against

against a mother-in-law; and disinclined to obey or respect her. I have therefore fixed on this as the subject of the present Volume; and have adopted the *dramatic style*, as most likely to engage attention.

In the first of the following little pieces I have attempted to shew *what kind of behaviour is most likely to produce harmony, where all parties have good sense and good dispositions*: and in the second to point out, *that affection for a parent should guard young minds from revolting against him, even should he form a disagreeable connection*.

If my labours are honoured with the approbation of the public, I shall pursue my plan, with the hope,
that

PREFACE.

that the lessons I inculcate may be conducive towards establishing such habits of *patience, meekness, and complacency*, as are essentially necessary to render young ladies *happy in themselves*, and to qualify them for the discharge of the various duties, which particularly belong to the **FEMALE CHARACTER.**

P. I.

THE

T H E

GOOD MOTHER-IN-LAW,

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Room in Mr. Sutton's House.*

[*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Sutton.*]

Mr. SUTTON.

WELCOME! my dear Mrs. Sutton, to this house, once the abode of your beloved friend; by your kind compliance with her dying request, that you would supply to her dear children the loss of a tender parent, you

B

have

2 *The GOOD MOTHER-IN-LAW,*

have restored peace to my long afflicted bosom, and engaged my warmest gratitude.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I doubt not, Sir, the sincerity of your professions; my frequent residence in your house, during the life of my most valued friend, convinced me of your merit, and you were long in possession of my esteem; I therefore gladly accepted your hand, and will endeavour to imitate, as much as possible, the character of her, whose memory is as dear to me as to yourself. — But where are the dear children? I long to fold them to my heart.

Mr. SUTTON.

O! Madam, you know not the arduous task you have undertaken; for some months before her death, *Sophia* had been obliged to remit her usual attention to them; she perceived the unhappy effects of her involuntary neglect, and her last hours were embittered with apprehensions, that the faults she perceived arising in their tempers would encrease for want of proper management. Whilst I beheld her languishing with
sickness,

sickness, I could not myself attend to their instruction; and the fatal stroke which deprived me of her for ever, totally disqualified me for domestic duties; all I could do, was, to weep over my children. But I now resolve to banish unavailing sorrow, and be again a father. I will immediately introduce them to you, and may they improve the happy advantage I have procured them! but I fear your reception will not be very agreeable, as I understand, since my return, that my elder daughters are greatly displeased at my marriage. I thought to give them an agreeable surprize, by bringing you home as their mother, as they were once so affectionately attached to you.

[*Mr. Sutton goes out.*]

Mrs. SUTTON.

I foresee, from Mr. Sutton's account of his young family, that I shall have many difficulties to encounter; I am sorry to hear that he did not make his elder daughters acquainted with his intentions. However, I will think of dear *Sophia*, and endeavour to acquit myself like a

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real parent, for her sake. All ceremonial visits shall be deferred till I have attended to this important concern.

[*Enter Mr. Sutton, introducing Miss Sutton, Miss Fanny, Miss Caroline, and Master William. The elder ladies appear reluctant to approach Mrs. Sutton.*]

MR. SUTTON.

Receive from my hands, my dear Mrs. Sutton, *Isabella* and *Fanny*; I hope they have not forgot your former kindness, and will be happy to shew you duty and affection.

MRS. SUTTON

[*Takes them by the hand, and offers to kiss them; they turn from her with disdain.*]

Have you forgot me, my dears? Do not you remember how fond I used to be of you? I have the same sentiments for you as formerly, and will be a kind mamma to you.

[*Miss Sutton and Miss Fanny burst into tears.*]

MISS SUTTON.

O! my dear *own* mamma, I wish you were alive!

Mr.

Mr. SUTTON.

That wish, my love, must be suppressed. It was the Divine will to take her from us; she is, I trust, in a state of happiness, and we must resign ourselves to the loss of her. I have provided you with a new mamma; one, who I am sure loves you; and if you treat her with duty and respect, she will be as attentive to your improvement as your own mamma would have been. But retire at present; I will not blame you for this tribute of tears, due to the remembrance of so tender a parent. Reflect on the blessing I have procured for you, and endeavour to rejoice with me, that the dear friend of your departed mother, now supplies her place in my family.

[*Miss Sutton and Miss Fanny go out.*]

Mr. SUTTON.

Caroline and William! why do not you run to your new mamma? I thought you would be glad to see her.

Miss CAROLINE.

O! no, papa; *Mary* says, we shall never be happy now we have got a mother-in-law;

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and though I loved Mrs. *Greenhill*, and liked she should come to see us when poor mamma was alive, I am sure I shall never love her now.

Master WILLIAM.

I dare say, my mamma-in-law will never let me have any play-things, and I shall not be permitted to run about in the garden.

Mr. SUTTON.

Who, my dear children, can have put such strange notions into your heads? However, we will talk of this another time. Try your new mamma; ask her to let you go into the garden. — What! both silent? Why, *Caroline*, she has brought you the nicest doll I ever saw; but I think you must not have it, as you behave so ill.

Mrs. SUTTON.

O! yes, *Mr. Sutton*, I must have the pleasure of presenting it to her now; we shall soon understand each other better: and to convince *Master William* that I have no intention to shut him up in the house, as he apprehends, I will not only permit him to go out to play, but provide him

him with the means of amusing himself. Here, Sir! Will you accept these nine-pins?

Miss CAROLINE.

O! what a sweet doll! will you, *new* mamma, be kind to me indeed? Well, I will not mind *Mary*. What a sweet doll! Come, doll, I am your new mamma!

Master WILLIAM.

I dare say I can knock down four of these nine-pins at once. Do, pray, papa, open the door.

Mr. SUTTON.

Kiss your mamma first, and I will. You, *Caroline*, may take your child, and shew it to your sisters. Desire the maid to bring down *Charles*.

[*Caroline and William go out.*]

Mrs. SUTTON.

I am sorry the dear children are so much set against me. However, a little time and patience will put these matters to rights.

Mr. SUTTON.

I am concerned, my dear madam, at the thoughts of the task you will have; but I will do
my

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my part towards removing the unhappy prejudices which my children have unaccountably imbibed. Here comes one, who surely has not yet received any wrong impression.

[*Enter Maid, with Master Charles.*]

Master CHARLES [*Crying.*]

I won't have a new mamma! I won't have a new mamma! I will stay with *Nanny*!

Mrs. SUTTON [*Aside to Mr. Sutton.*]

Do not, *Mr. Sutton*, force the child to come to me; let him stay till he has done crying, and when he has examined my countenance, and finds nothing terrific in it, he will perhaps be ready to come to me. Send the nursery-maid away, and take him yourself.

Mr. SUTTON.

Nanny, leave *Charles* here; he shall stay with *me*.

NANNY.

O! pray, Sir, let *Master Charles* go with *me*; I can quiet him in a minute. Poor little dear! It will break *its* little heart if you cross him.

Mr. SUTTON.

Leave him this instant! I guess how you will,
quiet

quiet him; by indulging his perverseness, and telling him, I suppose, that papa is naughty.

[*The Maid goes out.*]

Thus it is that servants who are hired for assistants, ruin the tempers of children; and so give us more trouble than they save.

CHARLES [*Continues crying.*]

I will go with Nanny! I will go with Nanny! I won't go to my new mamma, she will beat me!

Mr. SUTTON.

Well, you shall not go to your new mamma; you shall come to me, Charles; and instead of crying after Nanny, tell me, whether you should like to see William play at nine-pins? His new mamma has given him some very pretty ones.

Master CHARLES [*Ceases crying.*]

O! dear, let me see the nine-pins! Will my new mamma give me some?

Mr. SUTTON.

Yes, my dear, I dare say she will, when you are a good boy. She sent for you to give you a little chaise; but if you will not go to her, you will never have it.

Master

Master CHARLES.

Do new mammas *give* play-things? I thought they took *them away*.

Mr. SUTTON.

Yes, my love; they give play-things; and when children are good, they do every thing that is kind to them. Go to your's.

CHARLES [*Running to Mrs. Sutton.*]

Now, mamma, pray give me the chaise.

Mrs. SUTTON.

O! your servant, Sir! what you will come to me now? Well, there it is; give me a kiss. Now go into the nursery, and play with it.

[*Master Charles goes out.*]

Mr. SUTTON.

We have been obliged to practice a little *bribery*.

Mrs. SUTTON.

But no *corruption* I hope. Well, in time the little dears may love me on a better principle. I have gained one point, and shall endeavour to improve it.

Mr.

A DRAMA, in THREE ACTS. II

Mr. SUTTON.

In the afternoon I expect *Edward* and *George* from school; I have desired their master to spare them from their studies for one day, that they may pay their respects to you; but from the specimen you have had of your children-in-law, madam, you cannot much wish for the interview.

Mrs. SUTTON.

O! my dear Mr. *Sutton*, I had prepared my mind for all I have hitherto met with; I shall manage the young gentlemen, I do not doubt.

Enter a Footman.

Sir, Mr. *Steady* is below.

Mrs. SUTTON.

My worthy old friend, the rector! pray let me be of your party.

Mr. SUTTON [*To the Footman.*]

Shew him into the drawing-room. Madam, I attend you.

[*Mr. and Mrs. Sutton go out.*]

SCENE

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SCENE—*Changes to the Nursery.*

Miss SUTTON and Miss FANNY.—MARY
and NANNY, *Nursery-maids.*

Miss SUTTON.

Well, *Fanny!* my new mamma is come, and we have made our first appearance before her; I expected a lecture for our crying, but she knew better than to begin the *first* day.

Miss FANNY.

I am sure I shall never be happy with her; and I dare say she will be always complaining of us to papa, and then we shall lose his love.

Miss SUTTON.

I don't care for her; she has no reason to expect duty and obedience from me.

MARY.

O! ladies, I know such stories of mothers-in-law, you would be quite frightened to hear them. They always use children ill.

NANNY.

Yes, ladies, they are the vilest people in the world;

world; if folk have been ever so good *before*, as soon as they are mothers-in-law, they grow hard-hearted directly. I am quite certain that Mrs. *Sutton* has set my master against poor little *Charles* already; for do you know, ladies, that for all the dear child cried as if he would break his heart to come to me, and I begged, as if I was begging for my life, that I might take him, my master would not let him? O, I hear him upon the stairs!

[Enter Master Charles.]

Master CHARLES.

Nanny, I won't believe you any more; you said my new mamma would beat me; and see she has given me this nice chaise, and she kissed me too.

NANNY.

La! what a foolish trumpery little chaise; if your *own* mamma had been alive, she would have bought you a rocking horse.

Master CHARLES.

Well, I am not afraid of my new mamma now; I will ask her for one.

C

NANNY.

NANNY.

No, don't; for she will think I put it in your head. I have had one scolding about you already; but if ever you tell a tale of me, I won't love you any more. I won't give you any more cakes, or fruit; and if I see your new mamma going to whip you, I won't try to save you; and I will let her know all your tricks, that I will.

Master CHARLES.

Well, my chaise is a very pretty one. I only want a long string to draw it by. Pray give me a bit, *Nanny*.

NANNY.

Do you think I have nothing else to do but to wait on you? I shan't fetch any.

Miss FANNY.

Do not be cross to the child, *Nanny*; you should indulge him in such trifles.

NANNY.

I am sure, *Miss*, I have always indulged him in every thing; but now my master is married again, I shan't like to stay in my place; and as *Master Charles* likes his new mamma better than me, I will go away from him.

Master CHARLES.

I will love my new mamma; but if you are cross I shan't love you, *Nanny*; and you may go if you will.

Miss FANNY.

Well, *Bell*, I suppose we shall be called to tea: how do you intend to behave?

Miss SUTTON.

I hardly know. I would not go down into the parlour at all if I could help it. — Oh, dear! dear! what a sad thing it is to have a mother-in-law.

Miss FANNY.

It is indeed! Now we shall never have a will of our own; we must always be starch and prim, and shall have no pleasure in the world.

NANNY.

No, Miss, that you won't. I knew a mother-in-law who half starved her children, and shut them quite up from company, and made them learn hard tasks, and would never let them go out. But, if I were you, I would never submit; and when Mrs. *Sutton* finds you don't mind her,

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she'll let you do as you please; besides, your papa ought to be punished for marrying again.

Miss SUTTON.

Well, *Nanny*, talk no more about it, for I shall go distracted. If *you* do submit, *Fanny*, I positively will not.

Miss FANNY.

Nor I! But I wonder where *William* and *Caroline* are?

MARY.

O, 'Miss, I can tell you. My new mistress has, to coax them, given *Miss Caroline* a fine doll, and Master *William* a set of nine-pins; he is playing with them in the garden, and she is in the little parlour diverting herself with her new baby. I left them below, because I thought we could have no chat if they were by, for they are old enough to tell tales. For my part, I never will live nursery maid again where there are children who can talk. When the poor little dears are in *arms* there is pleasure in nursing them; for if a friend, or one's sweetheart comes, one can toss them into a cradle, or tie them in a chair,

chair, and if they cry, a lump of sugar will pacify them. But I shall *have it* if I leave Master William and Miss Caroline any longer. [*A bell rings.*] Bless me! madam rings her bell I protest. [*NANNY runs out.*]

Miss SUTTON to Miss FANNY.

It is to summon us to tea I dare say.

[*Enter Nanny.*]

NANNY.

Ladies, your company is desired. Madam looks as cross as patch, and Master seems very grumpy. They have found out that *Caroline* and *William* are left, so you will *have it*, Madam Mary.

MARY.

Who cares? not I, believe me.

Miss SUTTON.

I have a great mind to stay a little, just to shew that I won't be commanded by her.

Miss FANNY.

And, if it were not for papa, I positively would not go down at all. However, let us go.

C 3

NANNY.

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NANNY.

Poor dear young ladies! how I pity you.

[*Miss Sutton and Miss Fanny go out.*]

NANNY to MARY.

Have not I *funned* them well? If I must leave my place, as I know will be the case, I will do as much mischief as I can before I go.

MARY.

I shall not stay long after you, for I shall give warning to *her* if she does not to me. As for these young ladies, I care no more for them than I do for their mother-in-law; but when one flatters them they speak their minds before us, and then they dare not tell tales.—But come, let us sit down to a comfortable dish of tea, and *then* get the childrens suppers ready.—Oh la! I had forgot *Caroline* and *William*. Set the cups and teapot; make a nice toast, be sure butter it well; I will bring some water from cook's boiler, and then we will enjoy ourselves. A bit of our toast will keep the children quiet. [Nanny goes out.]

(*The Scene closes.*)

SCENE

A DRAMA, in THREE ACTS. 19

SCENE.—*The Parlour, the Tea-table set.*

Mr. and Mrs. SUTTON, to them enter Miss SUTTON and Miss FANNY.

Mr. SUTTON.

Well, my dear girls, take your seats. How have you employed yourselves this afternoon? I must begin to enquire how you dispose of your time. But your mamma will make us all regular.

Miss SUTTON.

I hope, papa, I am not to be always confined to books and work; I am sure I shall have no spirit to do any thing if I am.

Mrs. SUTTON.

It is not my wish, *Miss Sutton*, to lay any unreasonable restraint upon you; and I am sure a young lady of your good sense will distinguish what is intended for your benefit. But we will not talk on this subject for the present; to-morrow I shall inform you of the plan I have projected, and hope to have your ready acquiescence, as I mean to mingle affection and kindness with instruction.

Miss

Miss FANNY.

I thought we were to have masters to teach us: we are not little babies.

Mr. SUTTON.

You *shall* have masters, *Fanny*; but, as your mamma is a very accomplished lady, and has undertaken to instruct you in many things; what she is disposed to teach, I hope you will be disposed to learn. — Answer me not, for I like not your looks.

Miss SUTTON.

I am sure, papa, my sister does not wish to offend *you*; but you cannot expect we can love *Mrs. Sutton*, who is no relation to us.

Mr. SUTTON.

Impertinent girl! be silent. I will not hear your best friend insulted in this manner.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Restrain your anger, *Mr. Sutton*; consider the disadvantages these ladies have long been under. I flatter myself I shall soon convince them, that I have their happiness at heart, and then I am sure their love will follow.

Mr.

Mr. SUTTON.

Much as it distresses me, to see your merit thus slighted, I will suppress my anger. — My dear girls! behold me softened by the kind interposition of that very friend whom you so unworthily condemn: believe me, the heart of your own dear mother was not adorned with more lovely qualities than fall to the share of this amiable lady. Though I had the sincerest esteem for Mrs. Greenhill, who supplies her place, I never should have thought of a second marriage but for your sakes; and since she has condescended to leave a delightful retreat, and sacrificed ease to friendship, I will not have her life made unhappy by the perverseness of any of you.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I assure you, Mr. Sutton, my mind presages a happy event to these little disturbances. We shall all be very comfortable in a short time, I dare say,

Miss SUTTON.

I am sure, papa, I will do all in my power to please you; and it afflicts me that I have incurred

your

your displeasure. — Oh! continue to love us, or what shall we do?

Mr. SUTTON.

My affection for you all was never more fervent than when I entered into the engagement at which you have taken such unreasonable offence. If you deserve my tenderness you will always have it; but, remember, I cannot love rebellious children. — Sure, I see my dear boys! Excuse me, *Mrs. Sutton*, I cannot restrain my impatience to receive them. I must myself introduce them to your presence. [*Mr. Sutton goes out.*]

Mrs. SUTTON.

I see, my dears, displeasure against me still dwells upon your countenances; you are not disposed to receive my professions, yet I cannot forbear entreating you to calm your minds. — Employ yourselves as is most agreeable to you this evening, and endeavour to meet me at breakfast to-morrow morning, with sentiments answerable to those which I feel for you.

Miss SUTTON.

Madam, we *dare* not go from you till papa
returns

returns — besides, we wish to see our brothers.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Then stay; I am by no means tired of your company.

Enter Mr. Sutton.

Mr. SUTTON (*greatly disturbed.*)

Surely there is a general combination amongst my children to distress their father. The boys absolutely refuse to come in. (*To the young ladies*) Have you, *Bell* and *Fanny*, been corresponding with your brothers; and instilling into their minds the sentiments you have so unhappily imbibed.

Miss SUTTON.

I had no occasion, papa, to say any thing to my brothers; they have other friends to advise them besides us; and nobody can wonder that children, who have been so long indulged, should be averse to such restraint as will now fall to our share.

Mr. SUTTON.

Have you already forgot, *Bell*, that I enjoined you not to repeat your impertinence?

Miss

Miss FANNY.

Mrs. Sutton said, Sir, that we might withdraw. We long to see our brothers, but would not go without *your* leave. I am sure I do not wish to be disobedient to *you*.

Mr. SUTTON.

Obey my commands then, in paying proper respect to your mamma; but I dismiss you. — Such a reception as this I expected not to find from my children. These are the effects of relaxing parental authority!

[Miss Sutton and Fanny go out.]

Mrs. SUTTON.

Indeed, my dear Mr. Sutton, you take up this matter too seriously. I know that the elder ladies have naturally good dispositions, but their minds have long been uncultivated, and therefore ill habits have sprung up, I hope they are not deeply rooted. But let us proceed with gentleness and caution, "*lest in plucking up the tares, we root up the wheat also.*" It is an ill compliment to you, for me already to request your absence;

absence; but if you will find engagements for to-morrow, I will try what I can do by myself. Let me obtain your permission to discharge the nursery-maids, for I am certain we shall not thoroughly succeed till they are gone; my own woman will do what is necessary for the younger children, till I can hire other servants; and her task will not be difficult, for I propose to keep them as much as possible under my own eye.

Mr. SUTTON.

Excellent woman! how do your virtues rise upon me! Pursue your own plans, I will cheerfully co-operate with you in them; but find it difficult to restrain my anger at such perverseness.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Then let me beg you to leave Master *Edward* and *George* to follow their own inclinations. — I have an idea that the hopes of a piece of apple-pie will attract them into the parlor, if love for me will not. Send the footman, therefore, to tell them that they may sit up to supper if they please, but leave it to their own choice. I will

D

not

not frighten them with my looks, if I can help it.

Mr. SUTTON.

I approve your scheme; and am convinced that gentle methods are the most likely to be attended with success.—O! how my heart longs for the day, when I can see my beloved family surrounding me with contented minds and cheerful countenances. I will to-morrow breakfast with Mr. *Steady*, and take my two elder boys with me; for in their present disposition, my family will be better dispersed than collected. — You will, I fear, have more than enough to do with the girls.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Perhaps I may succeed better than you expect; remember, that they had good principles once instilled into their minds; those cannot, I think, be totally extinguished: but let my task prove ever so difficult, respect to you, and the memory of *Sophia*, will fortify my mind with patience to endure it. — No child of her's shall have just
reason

reason to accuse me of unkindness. — The young ones are more than half subdued already; another day will, I think, win them to me; and if I once engage their affections, I will not easily suffer them to be estranged from me; and I have no doubt, but that Miss *Sutton* and Miss *Fanny* will give such voluntary testimony in my favor, when their brothers come home next time, that they will no longer fly my presence.

Mr. SUTTON.

My heart cannot so easily admit the pleasing hopes you kindly endeavour to inspire me with, though I have the highest opinion of both your goodness and your understanding. — But I will see what is become of my ungracious sons.

Mrs. SUTTON.

In the mean time I will inspect the domestic economy of the house. — Happy shall I be to retain your own servants, if I find them deserving of your favor.

Mr. SUTTON.

I fear there is not one among them who is

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worthy of being retained; for there seems to have been a cabal amongst them to consult their mutual interests, without the least regard to mine.

[They go out.]

END of ACT I

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE — *Mrs. Sutton's Dressing Room.*

Mrs. SUTTON and SIMPSON.

Mrs. SUTTON.

BELIEVE me, *Simpson*, I have not done any thing more painful to myself a great while, than warning Mr. *Sutton's* servants to leave their places; many unkind censures will be passed on me by the world, as I shall put my own in their stead. This is certainly a disagreeable circumstance, but there was an absolute necessity for my doing as I have done.

SIMPSON.

Whatever ill-natured persons may say of you, madam, assure yourself, the benefits you will confer, will soon make you as much beloved in this neighbourhood as in that which you have left.

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Mrs.

Mrs. SUTTON.

At least, *Simpson*, I shall enjoy the consciousness of having acted right. I hope the nursery-maids are preparing to depart. Their behaviour was so very insolent, that I could not suffer them to stay another day.—You will be kind enough to attend to the younger children, till I have supplied their place:—in the mean while I will dispense with your attendance on me.

SIMPSON.

Any commands of your's, madam, I shall be happy to obey; none can be more agreeable to me, than taking charge of Master *William*, Miss *Caroline*, and Master *Charles*. I am sure they are good-tempered children, though sadly spoiled. Whether the elder ladies will accept of my services, I much doubt.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Well, *Simpson*, fetch the little ones to me; I am really impatient to see them.

[*Simpson goes out.*

Mrs. SUTTON.

Come, let me prepare for my young pupils.

[*Opens*

[Opens a table-drawer, and takes out a box of ivory letters, and some little books.]

[Enter Simpson with the Children.]

SIMPSON [To the Children.]

I told you, mamma had got something very pretty for you. See now! I never tell fibs to little ladies and gentlemen, I assure you.

Master CHARLES.

Don't you? Why, *Mary* was always promising me something if I would do as she desired me, and yet she never gave me any thing; that made me think *you* would serve me the same.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Mary was a very naughty maid, my dear; for it is extremely wicked to tell fibs.

[The children run to the table.]

Miss CAROLINE.

Dear *William*! see what a number of pretty books.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Yes, these are to please and divert you; I bought them on purpose, I assure you.

Master

Master CHARLES.

And what is that box for?

Mrs. SUTTON.

That is full of letters, which I shall teach you the names of; and here are some pretty little pictures, when you can tell me the name of any letter, you shall have a picture as a reward. And when you, my little friends, [*To Caroline and William*] can read one of these pretty books, then you shall have that for your own.

Miss CAROLINE.

O! I wish I could read well! pray, ma'am, teach me.

Mrs. SUTTON.

That I will, with the greatest pleasure.

Master WILLIAM.

And will you teach me?

Mrs. SUTTON.

Most willingly; when shall we set about it?

Miss CAROLINE and Master WILLIAM.

O! now, now

Mrs. SUTTON.

Well, I believe I must begin with the youngest
first

first, that he may not disturb you; look at the books, my dears, you can read a little to yourselves, I dare say; and whilst I teach *Charles* his letters, you can fix upon those you would wish to read first. — Come, my little friend, do you know that you are *my* child now?

Master CHARLES.

Yes, mamma, and I will love you dearly. — I am sure you will not beat me! Will you?

Mrs. SUTTON.

I dare say you will not deserve it; and if you are not naughty, I am sure I never shall punish you. Take the letters out of your box; come, lay them nicely on the table yourself. [*Guides him to place them properly.*] I will tell you their names — A, B, C, D, &c. — Now tell me what they are called.

Master CHARLES.

O! there are so many I can only remember Z.

Mrs. SUTTON.

That is beginning at the *wrong* end, to be sure; but you have gained a reward. Which picture do you chuse? [*Charles points to one.*] Very well;

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well; now we will take only a few at a time. Let us see; one, two, three, four: put the rest into the box. This is A, that B, that C, and that D.—Repeat after me, A, B, C, D.—Which is A?

Master CHARLES.

This is A; now my picture! my picture! I *will* have my picture.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Well! do not be impatient; next time say, *Pray, mamma, give me a picture?* Shew me B.

Master CHARLES.

I think this is B.—No, it is not.—This is it. *Pray, mamma, give me a picture?*

Mrs. SUTTON.

There it is, my dear child! now look for C. [*Charles points to it.*] Very well. Now there is none left but poor D; and you will soon find that out.—Yes, that is it, indeed. O! you will get all my pretty pictures away! Shew them to your sister.

Master WILLIAM.

When shall we read? *I will read first; it is my turn.*

Miss CAROLINE.

No, I am *eldest*, I will read *first*.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Do not contend, my dears, I will determine that matter presently. *Charles*, take your pictures, my love, and I will put by your box of letters,

Master CHARLES.

And shall I learn them again to-morrow? O, my good, good *mamma*, I love you *very* dearly!

Mrs. SUTTON.

Give me a kiss then, make me one of your best bows, and go with *Simpson* into the garden.

[*Master Charles and Simpson go out.*

(*Whilst Mrs. Sutton is talking to Charles, Caroline and William continue quarrelling till both cry.*

Mrs. SUTTON. (*Turning to them.*)

My dear children, what can be the matter with you? both in tears! Are you ill? have you hurt yourselves?

Miss CAROLINE.

William has snatched my book away, and says *he* will read *first*.

WILLIAM.

WILLIAM.

Caroline is very ill-natured to me; it is my turn.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Well! I protest, I am quite astonished! what, a *brother* and *sister* quarrelling for such a trifling thing as this?—Do not you know that it depends upon me, whether either of you shall read at all? And if you do not end your quarrel and become friends, I shall not teach you any thing. But pray hear what I say; if not, I shall put up my books till you are better children.—It is really a frightful thing to see a young lady in a passion; and it is unmanly for a gentleman to quarrel with a lady; now, as you have both been in fault, kiss and be friends.

Miss CAROLINE.

Come, *William*, kiss me!

WILLIAM.

I *will*, because I *must*.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Did ever any body hear such a rude speech? I believe, I must let you read first, and select a story

story for you too. — Let me see, O, here is one to the purpose, read it.

WILLIAM reads.

“ There was a little boy who, though a gentleman’s son, was as rude as the naughtiest boy in the street; he never made a bow when he came into a room; would not say Sir, or Madam, when a lady or gentleman spoke to him; and was always quarrelling with his sisters. His papa, finding all he could say did not reclaim him, supposed he did not like being a young gentleman; and therefore put him apprentice to a dustman, so he helped him about all his dirty work, and never was called Master *Thomas*, but plain *Tom*. At length he grew ashamed of such employment, and promised to behave as he ought to do if his papa would take him home again; which he very kindly did immediately, and Master *Thomas* ever after was very good indeed.”

Mrs. SUTTON.

How should you like to be served so, Master *William*? Not at all, I am sure. — Well, I see you are sorry for your fault, and as you really

E

took

38 *The GOOD MOTHER-IN-LAW,*

took pains to *read*, I will give you the book as a foundation for your library, there are stories in it that will afford you more entertainment than that which you have read; but remember that you are to read the other books *through* before I give them to you.

Master WILLIAM.

Come, *Caroline*, next time I will let you read first.

Miss CAROLINE reads.

“ There was a young lady who had a number of brothers and sisters, with whom she might have lived very happily; but she was of so impatient a temper, that she was never pleased unless she had her own way. She did not, as she ought to have done, consider that there was more real pleasure to be found in obliging her brothers and sisters, than in consulting her own will in every thing; but because she was the *eldest*, she insisted upon their complying with all her humours; at length they were obliged to complain to their papa and mamma, who made this little girl live in a distant part of the house, where all her play-things

things were carried to her; but she was not permitted to see her brothers and sisters. At first she was pleased with the thought, that she should have nobody to contradict her; but, in a very short time, she found herself so dull without their company, that she was glad to promise to behave well to them, in order to get leave to return to the nursery; and ever afterwards was as ready to oblige them as they were to please her."

Mrs. SUTTON.

Very well, my love, observe the instruction it contains. Another day I will give you a longer lesson, and you shall sit to work with me and your sisters; but to-day I have something particular to do, I therefore wish you and *William* to go into the garden to your brother; you know how to divert yourselves I dare say.—O! where are you running in that hasty manner? You have not given me one kiss; are you offended with me?

Miss CAROLINE.

No, indeed, mamma, I am sure I shall love you; but I must go to my child!

Mrs. SUTTON.

Well, make me a genteel curtsy first; and I hope you have a bow for me, Sir! your servant.

[The Children go out.]

Mrs. SUTTON,

So far I have succeeded beyond my expectations. Little *Charles* already thinks me his best friend. *Caroline* has, I perceive, a mind as gentle and pliant as her dear mother's was, and capable of every good impression. *William*, seems to promise very fair, and I hope to see a daily improvement.—But now comes the most disagreeable part of my business; I will not send a footman to these perverse girls, lest they should refuse to come; but walk a turn with the other children, whilst I send my maid to solicit their company. She is so discreet that I am sure she will not irritate them,

[Mrs. Sutton goes out.]

SCENE

A DRAMA, in THREE ACTS. 41

SCENE changes to the young Ladies Apartment.

Miss SUTTON and Miss FANNY.

Miss SUTTON.

I suppose my new mamma will be highly provoked when she hears that we breakfasted in our own apartment; but, as papa was gone out, I was determined I would not go down.

Miss FANNY.

I am really frightened to think what a fuss there will be about it; and if it were not for your spirit, *Bell*, I should soon give up to this new mamma; indeed she was very patient last night, considering how we provoked her.

Miss SUTTON.

Patient, do you call it? All mere artifice, depend upon it, only to make papa think what a good gentle wife he has got, and what undutiful daughters; now he is out of the way she will treat us very differently you will see.— Do as you please—desert your poor sister, if you would rather be your mother-in-law's favorite, and

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leave me to bear the whole of her displeasure.
But conquer *me*, she never shall.

Miss FANNY.

Do not disturb yourself, my dear, I do not mean to desert you; where you lead I will certainly follow; but let us not go too far, lest we make our sad case worse instead of better.—I wish there were a law to hinder men from marrying second wives.

Miss SUTTON.

O, that there were!—Here I, who in a few years might have sat at the head of papa's table, and commanded all the servants, must now put on leading-strings again, and submit to all the humours of a mother-in-law!

Miss FANNY.

Dear *Bell*, you disturb yourself so, that you will be quite ill; I beg you will be composed.

Miss SUTTON.

Talk not of composure; tell me how I may plague this hateful mother-in-law!—O, here is the fine doll she bought to coax *Caroline* with; thus I dash it to the ground, and fling it out
of

of the window, as I would the *giver* of it, if I dared!

Miss FANNY.

Bless me, *Bell!* you perfectly terrify me. — I never beheld you in such a passion before in my life; you certainly will repent it. It will be enough to be plagued with *Mrs. Sutton*; do not torment yourself.

[*Miss Sutton bursts into a flood of tears.*]

[*Enter Simpson.*]

SIMPSON,

Young ladies, I wait upon you, by my lady's command, to request the pleasure of your company; for my master is gone out, and Master *Edward* and Master *George* with him; the little gentry are at play in the garden, and she is quite alone. — Is not *Miss Sutton* well?

Miss FANNY.

To be sincere, *Mrs. Simpson*, my sister and I are very unhappy at my papa's marriage.

SIMPSON.

I am amazed to hear you say so, *Miss*; my lady is the best of women; were you to know
how

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how she is respected at *Clapham*, you would have a better opinion of her. Why there was a general lamentation at her coming away; it was the most affecting sight to see the poor people——

Miss SUTTON.

Well, pray have done with your encomiums, *Mrs. Simpson*; if she had been a good woman she would not have made a whole family unhappy by marrying into it; and as soon as she was married have turned the whole house topsy turvy—discharged the servants—controuled daughters, who have not been used to controul——

Miss FANNY (interrupts her.)

Sister, dear sister, be calm! go down with me I intreat you, I am sure it will not be so bad as you expect.

SIMPSON.

I mean not to be impertinent, ladies; but, upon my word, you do not at all know my lady. Pray go down.

Miss FANNY.

We will follow you immediately, *Mrs. Simpson.*

[*Simpson goes out.*

Miss

Miss SUTTON.

You may go, *Fanny*, but I positively will not.

Miss FANNY.

Why will you distress me so, *Bell*?

Miss SUTTON (after a pause.)

Well, perhaps I can plague and mortify her,
Come along,

[Goes out, followed by Miss Fanny.]

SCENE changes to *Mrs. Sutton's Dressing-Room.*

Mrs. SUTTON at work.

[Enter Miss SUTTON and Miss FANNY.]

Mrs. SUTTON.

Good morning to you, ladies; pray sit down.
I was in hopes of having your company at breakfast, but hearing you chose to stay in your own apartment, I supposed you had some study to pursue, and would not interrupt you.

Miss FANNY.

We had nothing particular to do, but imagined you would be glad to be without us.

Mrs

Mrs. SUTTON.

And why should you think so, Miss *Fanny*? Have I ever given you any reason yet, to suppose that I disliked your company? my wish is to live with you all in the strictest harmony.

Miss SUTTON.

Did any body ever hear of harmony in a family where there is a mother-in-law?

Mrs. SUTTON.

Yes, my dear Miss *Sutton*, and I have been an eye witness of it too. Nay, I was convinced in my own mind that I should experience it, or I never would have become one.

Miss SUTTON.

You deceived yourself then, Madam; and I wish you had let me know your intentions of marrying my papa, and I would have told you that you must not expect obedience from *me*.

Miss FANNY.

Nor *me* either, we are too old now to bear unkind treatment with patience.

Mrs. SUTTON.

As you know that all your papa's friends advised
him

him to marry, he supposed he should rather please than distress you, by making choice of me. I have no children of my own; it is not my intention to put your patience to a severe trial; I will exercise my own to the utmost, before I proceed to any act bordering on unkindness. But let us put an end to this disagreeable altercation. — Permit me to inform you, ladies, that I have promised Mr. Sutton to assist in your education, let me therefore enquire what proficiency you have made in the different branches of it? French, I suppose —

Miss SUTTON (abruptly.)

You can hardly suppose, Madam, my papa would neglect our education? We have plenty of masters, and do not want a governess, I hope.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Your answer is not so polite, Miss Sutton, as I should have expected from a young lady, who seems to fancy she stands in no need of tuition. I meant not to act the part of a governess, but of a friend.

Miss

Miss SUTTON.

If you were our friend, why did you marry my papa?

Mrs. SUTTON.

I hope you will have no reason to regret that I did so; but instead of pursuing this argument, favor me with a lesson on the harpsichord, *Miss Fanny*.

Miss FANNY.

I cannot play when I see my sister unhappy.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I do not condemn your affection for each other, ladies; but to encourage your sister in affronting an innocent person, *Miss Fanny*, is certainly very wrong.

Miss SUTTON.

Did I not tell you, *Fanny*, how we should be treated? Our mother-in-law has discharged all the servants, and is now going to set us against each other.

Mrs. SUTTON.

This accusation is too cruel to be passed over in silence. Though I have an undoubted right,

as mistress of this family, to act as I please in respect to the domestics of it; I had better reasons than caprice, or a blameable partiality for my own servants, for discharging them; and when you are cool, Miss *Sutton*, I will explain them to you.— In the mean time, if any of the present set wastes your papa's property, or treats any of you with impertinence, they shall leave the house; and that you may see I wish to please you, I will not hire one in *Mary's* place, who is not quite agreeable to you and your sister.

Miss FANNY.

If you keep your word, it will be very well.

Mrs. SUTTON.

If I keep my word, Miss *Fanny*! is that an expression to be used to a gentlewoman, and your father's wife? It was not thus your dear mamma treated me. O, my *Sophia*! little did you think how much mortification your poor friend would find in fulfilling your dying request! Is it possible your daughters can have already forgotten the amiable candour, the gentleness which shone in every action

F

of

of your life, which displayed themselves in every word you uttered?

[Miss Fanny bursts into tears; a footman enters, and gives Mrs. Sutton a letter.]

[Mrs. SUTTON [Reads her letter, then speaks to the footman.]

Desire the bearer to wait for an answer.

[The footman goes out,

Mrs. SUTTON.

This letter affords me some consolation; permit me to read it, ladies.

[Miss Fanny continues crying.]

Miss SUTTON.

We can have no concern in any thing which relates to you, and I am too unhappy to attend to indifferent things.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Whether you will attend or not, I must indulge myself in the pleasure of reading it. Perhaps your curiosity may be excited, when I tell you it comes from your elder brothers.

Miss FANNY [Suppressing her tears.]

From my brothers? what can they possibly have to say? — Madam, I will attend.

[Miss Sutton remains fullen and silent.]

Mrs. SUTTON.

This instance of obliging compliance delights me: hear then the welcome lines, which I regard as harbingers of returning peace.

[Mrs. Sutton reads.]

“ Dear and honoured Mamma,

“ We write to entreat your forgiveness; Mr.

“ Steady and papa have convinced us we were

“ very wrong in behaving to you as we did:

“ we therefore beg you will be so good as to

“ see us before we return to school; and you

“ may depend on our being for the future

“ Your dutiful,

“ and obedient sons-in-law,

“ Edward and George Sutton.”

Mrs. SUTTON.

I will not yet ask your sentiments concerning this letter, ladies; for the bearer of it waits to carry back an answer.

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[Sits down and writes; when the letter is finished, she rises.]

Before I seal this I will read it to you: from its contents, judge of my sentiments towards all of you. [Reads.]

“ My dear sons,

“ I received with inexpressible pleasure your
“ kind letter, and shall be glad to see you im-
“ mediately with your papa: assure yourselves
“ of my sincere affection; and believe I most
“ fervently wish for your happiness, which I shall
“ constantly endeavour to promote, and will
“ prove, on all occasions,

“ Your affectionate mother,

“ M. Sutton.”

Mrs. SUTTON.

Heaven knows with what sincerity I wrote it!
[Seals the letter, rings the bell. A footman enters, to whom she delivers the letter. As soon as he is gone, Miss Fanny rises, and with great emotion runs to her mamma, throws herself on her knees, hiding her face in Mrs. Sutton's lap, and bursts

bursts into tears. Mrs. Sutton tenderly embraces her.]

Rise, my dear love! your tears tell me every thing I wish to know; spare yourself the pain of confessing a fault which, I am sure you are so conscious of, that you never will repeat it; let me fold you to a bosom, glowing with affection truly maternal. Henceforth repose confidence in me, and let us have but one interest.

Miss FANNY [Returns her mamma's embrace.]

Indeed, my dear mamma, I will endeavour from this time to deserve your kindness.

Miss SUTTON.

I am so amazed at what I have lately heard and seen, that I can scarcely fetch my breath! My brothers have been over-persuaded by papa and Mr. *Steady*; but for you, *Fanny*! I really thought you loved me better than to do as you have done.

[Just as she has finished this speech, little Caroline hastily enters with her wax doll broken all to pieces, and its cloaths dirtied and spoiled.]

Miss CAROLINE [*Crying.*]

O! my doll! my sweet, sweet doll! see, my dear mamma, some naughty person has broken her all to-pieces. Her cap is quite spoiled; her gauze frock torn; her silk coat dirtied; what shall I do? what shall I do?

Mrs. SUTTON,

Where did you leave your doll, my love? and where did you find it in this condition?

Miss CAROLINE.

Indeed, mamma, I took great care of her, and had put her to-bed very nicely in a chair, in *Bell's* room; for I thought *she* would not let it be hurt.—*Bell*, why did you let any body have my poor doll to spoil it?

[*Miss Sutton looks quite confounded.*]

Mrs. SUTTON.

Comfort yourself, my dear *Caroline*, for your loss; I will repair it. Since you took care of your doll, I will, as soon as possible, procure you another equally pretty; and your sisters, I hope, will teach you to make cloaths for it.

CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

I am afraid there is not such another sweet pretty doll to be had! Look now at her face; the nose broken all to pieces, one eye out, her pretty red lips spoiled. O! dear, dear! I wish I knew who broke her, Do you know, *Fanny*? Do you know, *Bell*?

[*They continue silent.*]

Mrs. SUTTON.

From your silence, ladies, I perceive you are able to account for this disaster. It is, to be sure, of trifling consequence in itself, but must have been done with a malignant design; and as the dear child is greatly distressed, I will find out the truth. I hope there is not a servant in the house, bad as some of them are, capable of so mean an action. Neither would the little children be so very mischievous as to destroy so pretty a toy for the purpose, — Who could it be?

Miss FANNY.

The person who did it, madam, will, I am persuaded, do so no more. — I must not tell you.

[*Aside*]

[*Afide to Bell.*] Confess it, sister; papa will return very soon: what will he say?

Miss SUTTON.

I am sure, *Fanny*, I had no thoughts of distressing *Caroline*; you know I was in a very great passion when I broke it: but I will buy her another *myself*, and dress it too, if she will leave off crying.

Miss CAROLINE.

Naughty *Bell*, to break my pretty doll! I would not hurt any thing of your's!

Mrs. SUTTON.

And is it possible that what I hear is true? or do my ears deceive me? Could a daughter of my amiable friend be guilty of such an action as this? What! so far forget yourself, *Miss Sutton*, as to fall into a passion, and vent it by destroying your sister's doll? What could irritate you to such an extreme?

Miss FANNY [*Afide to her sister.*]

Indeed, *Bell*, you ought to acknowledge your fault;—I am sure you will meet with forgiveness, if, like me, you seek it. O! that you did

but

but know how much satisfaction I feel from being reconciled to this good lady.

Mrs. SUTTON.

As I have little reason, Miss Sutton, to hope you will listen to my admonition, I must refer this matter to your papa. It is to me a very serious affair; I dread to give him pain, and hoped he would find us all in harmony at his return: but I must for the present content myself, and trust, that when you have been for a little time witness to my behaviour, you will do me more justice.

Miss FANNY.

My dear Bell, think of your papa! he has ever been a kind parent to us: but remember his words: "I cannot love rebellious children!"

Miss SUTTON.

Well, Fanny, lead me to mamma. [*They advance to Mrs. Sutton, who kindly takes a hand of each.*]

Mrs. SUTTON.

Thanks for your kind offices, my amiable Fanny! May I flatter myself, dear Miss Sutton, that

that your heart relents towards me? The tear which arises in your eye tells me that you do. Thus I wipe it away; and thus before you ask, I seal your forgiveness.—Let all the past be forgotten, and let us look forward to scenes of peace and tranquillity.

Miss SUTTON.

I am sincerely sorry for my past behaviour; if I could have supposed you would have treated me with so much kindness, I should not have thrown myself into the passion which I am now ashamed to think of. Tell me, madam, how I shall repair my fault?

Mrs. SUTTON.

That I leave to your own good sense. But I expect your papa and brothers to dinner: perhaps, my dears, you will be able to compose your spirits better when by yourselves. Retire, therefore, if you please, to your own apartments.

[*Miss Sutton and Miss Fanny go out.*]

[*The Scene closes.*]

END of ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE, *Miss Sutton's Apartment.*

Miss SUTTON and Miss FANNY.

[*Miss Sutton sits down, and bursts into a flood of tears.*]

Miss FANNY.

I Fear, my dear sister, you are offended at the part I have acted; but indeed, I could not help it.—I hope you will have no just cause to blame me.

Miss SUTTON.

No, my dear sister, I am not offended with you. O! that I had no more reason to be angry with *myself*! Never more will I give way to passion. I shall be ashamed to look the little children, and even the servants in the face. What must every body who hears poor little *Caroline's*

lamentation

lamentation for her doll, think of her ill-natured sister? Do pray fetch her to me; I will make her amends if possible.

Miss FANNY.

Well, compose yourself, and I will.

[Miss Fanny goes out.]

Miss SUTTON.

I am sure I would submit to the cruellest treatment the worst mother-in-law could inflict, rather than endure what I have suffered this day in my own mind: but, though still very uneasy, I am not quite so unhappy as I was. Here comes the dear creature whom I have, through my own turbulence, cruelly distressed.

[Enter Miss Fanny and Miss Caroline.]

Miss SUTTON.

Come hither, *Caroline*; I suppose you are very angry with me, my love! Indeed, I have been a naughty sister; but I shall never break any more of your dolls, so you must kiss me, and be friends.

Miss CAROLINE.

I will kiss you! but I hope the next time
you

you are in a passion, *Bell*, the new doll mamma is to give me, will not be in your way; I shall hide her in a very cunning place, and will not tell any body where, for fear they should tell you.

Miss SUTTON.

O! you need not fear me, *Caroline*; you may safely trust me with your secret, for I hope I shall never be in a passion again; and I will tell you what I intend to do, to make you amends: I have got by me a very nice little bed, with curtains, and a quilt of my own work which I will give to you.

Miss CAROLINE.

That will be nice indeed! Then I will put my new doll, when I have got it, into this pretty bed, and won't hide it in the cunning place.

Miss FANNY.

And I, *Caroline*, will make you a present of some silk, and gauze, and muslin for your doll's cloaths; and *Bell* and I will help you to make them.

G

Miss

Miss CAROLINE.

But I must go and bury my old doll; *William* has dug a grave for her. [*Caroline goes out.*]

Miss SUTTON.

I hope papa will not be told of my ill behaviour: If he is, I must submit to the shame; but I would give the world I had not acted so.

Miss FANNY.

I am persuaded, sister, that if he should chance to hear it, *Mrs. Sutton*—I mean my mamma (for so she deserves to be called) will give a good-natured turn to it: let us therefore prepare to meet him with cheerfulness.

Miss SUTTON.

Cheerfulness, my dear *Fanny*! I cannot so easily resume, for I am thoroughly mortified.—However, I am resolved to behave well to my mamma, and the sooner we go down the better.

Miss FANNY.

I am entirely of your opinion; going of our own accord, will be more respectful than staying till we are sent for.—If we find *Mrs. Sutton* is busy, we can but return.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Mrs. Sutton's Dressing-Room.*

Mrs. SUTTON.—CAROLINE.

Miss CAROLINE [*Enters hastily.*]

Indeed, my dear mamma, you must not be angry with *Bell* for breaking my doll; she has given me a sweet little bed, and promises she will never be in a passion again.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I have quite forgiven her, my love; but you are a good child to intercede for her. Will you go and tell her, and Miss *Fanny*, I shall be glad to see them.—O! here they come.

[*Enter Miss Sutton and Miss Fanny.*]

Miss CAROLINE.

Bell, it is all made up.—Now I will go and play again.

[*Caroline goes out.*]

Mrs. SUTTON.

This is very kind of you indeed ladies; I was just going to dispatch a little messenger, to beg you would come down before your papa returned; but this voluntary visit is flattering to my hopes.

Miss FANNY.

I do assure you, Madam, it was *Bell's* own motion to come down, and I was very glad to comply with it.

Mrs. SUTTON.

You delight me, ladies; thus may we ever live together!—I remember, *Miss Sutton*, that you had a taste for fancy-work; I shall be glad of your opinion of a piece I have lately finished.

[She produces a piece of embroidery.]

Miss SUTTON.

O, how beautiful! I never beheld any thing so like natural flowers in my life, and the vase is charming. I shall never bear my own work after this.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I shall be very happy to give you any instruction in my power, my dear. I am provided with all materials, and you shall, if you please, begin a companion for it; in the mean time do me the favour to accept of this as a token of friendship,

Miss

Miss SUTTON.

I return you many thanks, Madam, and accept with pleasure both your present and kind offer to instruct me.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I think, Miss *Fanny*, you have a taste for reading? I have brought down a few new publications, which I hope you will admit into your library.

Miss FANNY.

You are extremely obliging, Madam. I have not lately been very attentive to my books, for indeed papa has not purchased any new ones this year past, and I have read the old ones till I am tired.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I shall take care that you are supplied for the future.—Do you read *French*, ladies?

Miss SUTTON.

We have a *French* master, Madam, who regularly attends to teach us the grammar rules; and we can write and translate tolerably well—but for talking, we cannot boast.

Miss FANNY.

No indeed, *Bell*, we ought not, as you say, to boast; for both of us made a resolution that we never would speak a word of it when our master was absent,

Mrs. SUTTON.

You could not speak it with much advantage to each other, perhaps I may be able to make it more pleasing to you; I resided near two years in *Paris*. It is particularly agreeable to understand *French*, because there are so many pleasing books in that language continually coming out,

Miss SUTTON.

I shall like to talk it when I have a person to correct my faults; but to chatter it, as I hear many young ladies do, is quite ridiculous.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Have you a music master still, ladies? I remember when very little you could sing prettily; if you have made such proficiency as I expect, we shall be able to form a little concert now and then. I suppose you have friends in the neighbourhood

bourhood who play? Mr. *Adderly* was a very fine performer: is he among you still?

Miss FANNY.

Yes, Madam; but we must apply more closely than we have done lately, or I am sure we shall make sad discord; our master's music is so very old fashioned, that we play the same dull tune over till we are tired.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I shall be able to furnish you with a variety of lessons. I hope this evening to hear you practise.

Miss SUTTON.

I will, for my part, do the best I can; but I fear *that* will appear horrid.

Mrs. SUTTON.

O, no; it will give me pleasure, I dare say. How often does your dancing master attend?

Miss FANNY.

We have no dancing master at present, Madam, for papa would not suffer us to dance whilst we were in mourning for poor mamma! but he talked lately of sending for him again.

Mrs.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I will remind him of it. Dancing is very good for the health, and I think it will be very agreeable to have a little ball sometimes, if we can make up a set; for I prefer private parties to public assemblies.

Miss SUTTON.

I have never yet been at a public assembly. My dear mamma thought us too young to be introduced, and since her death papa has not been himself.

Miss FANNY.

I am excessively fond of dancing. There are young ladies and gentlemen sufficient to make up eight or nine couple.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Well, my dears, as soon as my ceremonial visits are over, and I have been introduced to your neighbours, I will consult you about proposing a party. I hope you will be with me, ladies, when I receive company, and also when I return my visits.

Miss

Miss SUTTON.

Certainly, Madam, if you will allow us the honor.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I shall be very happy to make you a party in every pleasure I take.

Miss FANNY.

This is a very agreeable neighbourhood, and, as you seem inclined to be sociable, Madam, I dare say we shall pass our time very cheerfully.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I make no doubt but you will; at least I can answer for my own intentions, to promote innocent cheerfulness as much as possible. But, as I am very fond of regularity, ladies, I must beg leave to propose a little plan for the usual division of our time; early rising is of the utmost consequence, for nothing can be done effectually without that; I have always been accustomed to family prayers, after which, I hope, you will find an hour before breakfast for walking, if the weather permit; it is my wish that all assemble at eight o'clock, and after breakfast is over I shall attend

attend to domestic arrangements; in the mean time I hope you will apply to your various studies, and by ten o'clock I shall be at your service.

Miss FANNY.

We will conform to whatever you think proper, Madam; I answer for my sister as well as myself.

Miss SUTTON.

I must declare my own assent also; for I would not give my dear mamma cause to think I would be again refractory.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I shall endeavour to make your compliance productive of as much pleasure to you, my dears, as it will to me. You find that I do not mean to confine you entirely to your studies and work; besides those amusements I mentioned, I shall be ready to allow of your visiting and being visited by the young ladies of your acquaintance without me, provided they are such as your papa approves of.—You do not play at cards?

Miss FANNY.

My own dear mamma had such an aversion to
cards,

cards, that she never would allow us to touch them; and since her death papa absolutely forbade them.

Miss SUTTON.

I must own that we were not perfectly obedient to him in this particular, for the nursery maids brought cards to us, and, I blush to say, we joined in a party with *them*.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Since you are so sensible of its impropriety, I will not speak my own thoughts on the subject. But, let me intreat you, ladies, to avoid familiarity with low bred people, particularly the domestics of your own family. It will be more prejudicial to you than you can imagine.

Miss FANNY.

We have too much occasion to lament the unhappy effects of familiarity with servants, ever to submit to it again; depend upon us, Madam, we will keep them at a proper distance.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Let me advise you, however, my dear, not to run into the contrary extreme of haughtiness.

Ever

Ever treat servants with civility and kindness; this they have an undoubted right to.

Miss SUTTON.

Since you were so good as to say, Madam, that you would not hire a servant in *Mary's* place without consulting us; will you permit me to recommend a young person, whom I dare say you will approve? She is the daughter of a very worthy man, who has lately fallen into unexpected misfortunes, and this poor girl, who has been well educated, is obliged to go to service.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I will hire her without the least hesitation; your account of her is a sufficient recommendation. — There is another particular, ladies, in which I must request your assistance; and that is in respect to objects of charity, such persons whom you think your own dear mamma would have relieved, I am sure will excite your compassion; and I shall heartily concur with you in giving them assistance.

Miss FANNY.

We are not so well acquainted, Madam, with

the distresses of the poor, as we used to be in mamma's time; but, for the future, we certainly will enquire concerning them. Papa was so afflicted, that he scarcely admitted any company, and the servants would not inform him of any cases of distress; pretending, that they would make him more melancholy.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Hard hearted creatures! but their motive was self-interest. The case will soon be altered; my own servants, who are coming, are a set of humane people, and I hope we shall find out the poor, and relieve them as much as is in our power.

Mrs. SUTTON, (*In great agitation.*)

Bless me, *Fanny*! I see my papa, with my brothers, at the gate! — O hide me! hide me! dear mamma. — What shall I say if he should chance to hear of my cruelty to poor *Caroline*, and insolence to you?

Mrs. SUTTON.

Do not be agitated, my love; the affair ended so much to your honor, that, I am sure, when

VOL. I.

H

your

your papa hears the whole of it, he will praise, rather than condemn, your conduct. It has been productive of such happy effects to me, in being the mean of overcoming your prejudices, that I shall with delight make a fair representation of it, if occasion requires. But *Caroline* is satisfied, and I dare say will not mention it.

[*Enter Mr. Sutton with his elder Sons.*]

MR. SUTTON.

I now bring you two *good* sons, Madam; they are sensible of their error, and having received your kind *pardon* in answer to their letter, now claim your *affection*.

MRS. SUTTON.

My dear boys! you shall certainly experience it. Happy shall I be to treat you with such indulgent kindness as to deserve your love.

[*The boys look ashamed, and make no answer.*]

Talk on no painful subject.—Nothing but the company of you and your sons, Mr. Sutton, was wanting to complete my happiness.—Give me a kiss of reconciliation, young gentlemen,

A DRAMA, in THREE ACTS. 79

men, and then pay your compliments to your sisters. [*She kisses the boys.*]

Mr. SUTTON.

I observe, with inexpressible pleasure, an alteration in the countenances of my dear girls.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Revive not disagreeable remembrances, Mr. Sutton; the young ladies and I perfectly well understand each other. Henceforth we shall be all harmony and love, I hope.

Mr. SUTTON.

Come to my arms, my dear girls! let me press you to my fond heart, and give you the blessing of a happy father! O! did children know the pleasures it is in their power to give to a parent, by dutiful behaviour, and the cruel pangs which disobedience inflicts, they would be constantly attentive to their conduct.

[*Whilst he speaks Bell and Fanny kneel to him, he embraces them. Bell bursts into tears.*]

Mr. SUTTON.

How is this, *Bell*! what construction must I put upon your tears?

H 2

Mrs.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Receive the explanation from me, Mr. Sutton: They are, believe me, the marks of regret for faults, which no longer have existence in her mind; they are proofs of gentleness, and promises of peace.

Miss SUTTON.

How kind are you to me, my dear mamma!— I shall not be easy till papa knows what I am ashamed to tell him myself.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Well, my dear, I will take the first opportunity. Let us drop the subject now,

Miss FANNY.

My dear papa, let me thank you, with the utmost gratitude, for marrying this good lady; for I am sure we shall bless the day you made her our mother.

Mr. SUTTON.

This speech, Fanny, is worthy of yourself.

Miss SUTTON.

I am still more indebted to you for the choice you have made, than even my sister is; for I stood

stood more in need of a kind friend, a generous adviser.

Mr. SUTTON.

Such, I am confident, you will ever find in this amiable lady.—But where are my little ones?

Mrs. SUTTON.

Pursuing their innocent sports. Perhaps the young gentlemen will be so kind as to desire them to come hither.

[Edward and George go out.]

Mrs. SUTTON.

I must take advantage of the young gentlemen's absence, to entreat that you will permit them to pass a day or two with us, before they return to school; I would not make my request before them, lest it should not be agreeable to you, and a denial might make them unhappy.

Mr. SUTTON.

You are kind in every instance.—This is a request which I cannot refuse. Indeed, if it were not for the fear of giving additional trouble to you, I should not send them to school any more. Mr. Steady has been examining them this morn-

ing in Latin, and finds them very deficient; they are besides so invincibly bashful in company, and so intolerably rude in their sports, that I fear they will lose every idea of politeness. It would be a great pleasure to me to assist in their education, and how can I employ myself better than in instructing my children?

Mrs. SUTTON.

So far from opposing your plan, *Mrs. Sutton*, I most heartily recommend it; especially, as our vicinity to *London* enables you to procure the best masters to assist you.

Enter Master Edward and Master George with the children.

[*The little ones run to Mrs. Sutton.*]

Master WILLIAM.

Mamma, I have played at nine-pins till I am quite tired! what shall I have now?

Mrs. SUTTON.

O, I will find something for you, Sir; but go to papa,

Master

Master WILLIAM.

Papa! dear papa! where have you been? My new mamma teaches me to read.

Mr. SUTTON.

Does she indeed? Do not you think her very good for doing so?

Master WILLIAM.

O, yes; and I am very good too now.

Mr. SUTTON.

Then give me a kiss.

Master CHARLES.

Mamma, I have broke a wheel off my chaise, will you mend it?

Mrs. SUTTON.

I cannot say, my love, that I understand such work as that; but give your chaise to me, and before you want it again it shall be mended some way or another. — Have you forgot dear papa?

Master CHARLES.

No! no! I love papa too; but give me a kiss mamma. Where did you put my box of letters? I must shew papa that.

Mrs.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Here it is, my love; but bring it to me again, for fear it should be lost. [*Giving him the letters.*]

Master CHARLES.

Pray look, papa; I know some of them, let me shew them to you.

Mr. SUTTON.

I have not time to look at them now, *Charles*; to-morrow I will. *Caroline*, have you nothing to shew me?

Miss CAROLINE (hesitates.)

Yes, I have this little book.—I had a sweet doll—but that is gone.—*Bell*, I won't tell papa.

Mrs. SUTTON.

No, my dear; never tell tales. I have promised you a new doll, you know, and you shall have it very soon, I assure you.

Mr. SUTTON.

My dear *Mrs. Sutton*, your time has been fully employed in my short absence.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I am glad you do not think me idle. But the
young

A DRAMA, *in* THREE ACTS. 81

young gentlemen have not spoke one word to me yet. Will you give me leave to tell them that you have consented to let them stay at home a day or two? I wished to give them an opportunity of trying whether the kite I have bought for them will fly well, and whether their bats and balls are good.

Master EDWARD.

Thank you, Madam; I will be good indeed.

Master GEORGE to Miss SUTTON.

Bell, tell mamma I will be good too.

Miss SUTTON.

Indeed, Sir, you must speak for yourself.—
Madam, this shy boy is ashamed to tell you he will be good too!

Mrs. SUTTON.

Well, I am contented, my dear, with your telling me so; but you positively must tell me *yourself*, Sir, whether you can love me?

Master GEORGE.

Yes, Madam.

Mrs. SUTTON.

Then I suppose you have no objection to leaving
ing

ing school entirely, and living at home with your papa, your brothers and sisters, and me? Ask your brother what he says to this.

Master EDWARD.

Shall you like to live at home, *George?*

Master GEORGE.

O! yes, yes!

[The young gentlemen here express their joy, by jumping about the room. They run to their sisters.]

Master EDWARD.

We shall not go to school any more, sisters.

Mr. SUTTON.

No, you will not go to school any more, my dear boys; but you must *sag* a little for all that; *Latin* must not be neglected; you must do your business with great industry, and then you shall have play enough.

Master GEORGE.

Where are the kites, and the bats, and balls?

Mrs. SUTTON.

O! you shall see them by-and-by. I should suppose you would like to eat a little first; are
you

you not half starved with waiting so long for your dinner?

Mr. SUTTON.

No, no! their friend, Mrs. *Steady*, has taken care of us all; a good dish of chocolate for me, and a piece of plum-cake for them, has staid our stomachs effectually.—But if not, the feast of love you have provided for me at home, would have prevented *my* feeling the sensation of hunger.

Mrs. SUTTON.

I hope to see you eat, notwithstanding.

Mr. SUTTON.

Depend upon it you will; I shall sit down to this meal with that heart-felt delight which gives a relish to all earthly enjoyments.—O! that the history of this day were recorded for the benefit of the world! then would mothers-in-law know, that the way to gain the affections of the children they adopt, is, by exercising *patience* and *gentleness*. Then would children, who have lost their real mother, learn, that the behaviour likely to win the affections of those who supply their loss, is,
dutiful

dutiful submission and polite acquiescence. — But the dinner-bell rings. — Come, my dear Mrs. Sutton, I will attend you to the dining parlour: there let me place you at the head of my table, surrounded by my olive branches: consider them as engrafted on you by the hand of your dear departed friend. — Nourish their budding virtues with your kind instructions. Be a parent to them, and may they be children to you!

THE END.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

MR. LOVELL.
MRS. LOVELL.
MRS. GROVE, Governess of a School.
MRS. TATE, Teacher.
MRS. LOVELL, aged 14.
MRS. BLOMBERG.
MRS. RAWLINS, a Boarder at 15.
MRS. GOWE, another Boarder, 14.

THE
GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

A D R A M A,
IN THREE ACTS.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

Mr. LOVELESS.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

Mrs. GROVES, Governess of a School.

Miss TATE, Teacher.

Miss LOVELESS, aged 14.

Miss BLOMBERG, 15.

Miss AMELIA BLOMBERG, 13.

Miss RAWLINS, a Boarder at
Mrs. GROVES's. } 15.

Miss GOWER, another Boarder, 14.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT, Housekeeper to Mr.
Loveless.

Servants and other Attendants.

THE
GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

A DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Parlour in Mrs. Groves's House.*

[*Mrs. Groves sitting at work, enter to her Miss Tate.*]

Mrs. GROVES.

I SENT for you Miss Tate, to communicate a circumstance which gives me great uneasiness. I have this instant received a letter from Mr. Loveless, to inform me, that he has been married a month, and has just brought his lady home; and that he will send his housekeeper to-day to fetch

4 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

his daughter, in order to be introduced to her new mamma.

Miss TATE.

I am both surprised and concerned at your intelligence, madam.

Mrs. GROVES.

He has, I fear, been tempted into this second marriage by the wealth of the lady, as she was the rich widow of a nabob.—But my sweet pupil—*Miss Tate*, what will become of her! if this lady, blinded by riches, and the splendor around her, should find no attraction in innocent simplicity, and modest worth?

Miss TATE.

Let us hope the best; I am myself an instance, that it is possible to be happy in a Mother-in-Law: but pray, madam, do you know the name of the lady?

Mrs. GROVES.

She was called the pretty widow *Blomberg*; but I know nothing more of her.

Miss

A DRAMA, in THREE ACTS.

5

Miss TATE.

Alas! madam, I am sorry to say I do, but nothing that can afford pleasure in the information, or a prospect of comfort for our sweet little girl.

Mrs. GROVES.

You shock me greatly by thus prefacing your account; but pray *Miss Tate* how did you become acquainted with her?

Miss TATE.

She was a half-boarder at the same school I was educated at. O! madam, but for my worthy Mother-in-Law I had been poor, dependent, and wretched; but she, when my father died and left me destitute, kindly appropriated a share of a small jointure settled on her by her first husband, to give me an education that might enable me to get a genteel livelihood; or I might now have been a common servant. Through her goodness I became a school-fellow with *Miss Harris*, who though her condition was rather an humiliating one, had a spirit so haughty, that she domineered over the whole school, nor would *Mrs. Eladon* have suffered her to remain there, but out of com-

6 The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,

passion to her Father who was a subaltern officer, and had very little more than his pay, therefore almost starved himself to place her in the situation he did.

Mrs. GROVES.

How then did she become so rich a widow?

Miss TATE.

Her father died when she was about sixteen; she had lost her mother some years before, nor had she a relation capable of providing for her: many schemes were proposed, but the insolence of her temper prevented them all from taking effect. At length the colonel of her father's regiment, from a regard to his memory, proposed sending her to the *East-Indies* and contributed very largely towards the necessary expences. Here she soon married a rich husband, and I heard no more of her for some years; but just before I became your teacher I was with Mrs. Trusty one morning in *Queen-Square*, when she brought her two daughters to school; I immediately recollected my old school fellow, though she did not chuse to know me, and then

such

such a scene ensued, as soon convinced me Miss Harris had changed nothing but her name.

Mrs. GROVES.

Your little history pains me extremely; yet, go on, and tell me all you know of this unamiable lady.

Miss TATE.

Mrs. Blomberg was dressed in the extreme of fashion and folly, accompanied by two young ladies, whose countenances at once betrayed pride and ill-nature; when all the bustle of seating them was over, "I have brought you," said she, "my daughters to receive their education under you; but I hope, Mrs. Trusty, you will not think of poring my girls eyes over work, or unnecessary reading, they are not designed for teachers, and I see no use *ladies* have for work, unless indeed they chuse to do a piece of embroidery; and I suppose if they should grow tired of it you can let somebody finish it? As to *music*, I would have them excel in that, it is so much in fashion, that I should be *miserable* if they had not *voices*." "Indeed, mamma," said one of the girls

8 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

girls, interrupting her, "I do not like music, you know not how hard it is to learn; and why should we be troubled with that, any more than reading and working?" "Because, my dear, it is the *fashion*; so, Mrs. Trusty, do you hear, make them learn music, singing, dancing, and French; as to every thing else, it is of little use to young ladies of *their fortunes*.

Mrs. GROVES.

I am surprized that Mrs. Trusty had patience to listen to such absurdity.

Miss TATE.

Indeed, madam, Mrs. Trusty's countenance was so expressive of the contempt she held her in, that I wonder Mrs. Blomberg did not perceive it.

Mrs. GROVES.

No doubt she was too full of herself to look at any body else, and perhaps fancied that she was conferring a great honor on Mrs. Trusty, in placing the Miss Blombergs, as she called them, with her; but pray, Miss Tate, tell me what answer Mrs. Trusty made.

Miss

Miss TATE.

She was silent, madam; but afterwards told me it was with difficulty she suppressed her indignation, at having it supposed she would take any young ladies with such directions; but the hope of gently leading them from their follies, and instilling better principles, induced her to stifle her resentment.

Mrs. GROVES.

I hope she succeeded for all their sakes; her's was a worthy motive, and deserved reward.

Miss TATE.

Mrs. Blomberg sent so frequently for her daughters to go home, that had their dispositions been pliant, her vanity must have subverted every good impression imbibed from their worthy governess; but I staid only two months after they came, and therefore know nothing farther about them.

Mrs. GROVES.

I am sure, *Miss Tate*, you have communicated enough to give me inexpressible concern; but, go now, and send *Miss Loveless* to me; it is necessary

10 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

cessary that I should break this unpleasant news in the gentlest manner.

[*Miss TATE goes out.*

[*Mrs. GROVES alone.*]

How shall I find words to communicate this painful intelligence to my sweet pupil? alas! if parents did but consider how fleeting the joys of wealth are, surely they would not sacrifice the happiness of their children to so trifling a consideration!

[*Enter Miss LOVELESS, who curtsies, and advances to the table where Mrs. GROVES is sitting.*

Mrs. GROVES.

You have often assured me, my dear Miss *Loveless*, that you can even give up your play hours with pleasure, to sit and converse with me; will you, therefore, favor me with half an hour's conversation with you?

Miss LOVELESS.

Indeed, my dear madam, the favor and pleasure will be conferred on me, for I always feel wiser and better, after every conversation you are so good as to hold with me.

Mrs.

A DRAMA, in THREE ACTS. II

Mrs. GROVES.

You are very polite, my dear; it has certainly always been my endeavour to improve you, and I am extremely gratified in perceiving, that your attainments are equal to my most sanguine wishes: nor, when I say *attainments*, do I mean to confine my expression to your outward *accomplishments*, which, however necessary, can be rendered pleasing only by a gentle temper and an engaging behaviour.

Miss LOVELESS.

You cannot imagine, madam, how happy I am when you praise me; my utmost ambition is to be like my dear departed mamma; her excellencies are ever before my eyes, and as she lived long enough for me to be sensible of her worth, it would be unpardonable if I did not endeavour to make her example the guide for my conduct.

Mrs. GROVES.

Continue your endeavours, my dear, and I doubt not your success; in the mean time you must learn to submit to the various changes in

12 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

this life, in hope of being rewarded in that which is to come.

Miss LOVELESS.

Pray, my dear madam, have you heard lately from my papa? I begin to think his long silence extraordinary.

Mrs. GROVES.

It was to communicate the contents of a letter from him that I sent for you, my dear: prepare your mind for a surprize; for, indeed, I have wonderful news to tell you.

Miss LOVELESS.

Any thing but my papa's being married again, I could bear with composure.

Mrs. GROVES.

And why not that? your papa has surely an undoubted right to do as he pleases.

Miss LOVELESS.

Very true, madam; but then you know how much pains I have taken to improve in my education, that I might the sooner return home, and become his housekeeper; besides, he has never been to see me at school, without telling

me

me my leaving it, depended entirely on myself; for as soon as I was qualified he should be happy to make me mistress of his family.

Mrs. GROVES.

Notwithstanding that disappointment, dear Miss *Loveless*, you must submit to whatever your papa chuses; a mother-in-law may add to your comforts; you are very young, and have no idea of the trouble there is in governing a family. But why should I argue on a subject with you who have too much understanding, and too much good-nature to repine at any event that conduces to the happiness of a parent you so tenderly love?

Miss LOVELESS * [*sighs deeply.*]

Then I am to understand that my papa is already married, madam?—Alas! what will become of me?

Mrs. GROVES [*taking her hand.*]

My dear Miss *Loveless*! I never saw you so dejected before—become of you! why have not you the same good father, and may not this

K

marriage

14 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

marriage have gained you a sincere and valuable friend?

Miss LOVELESS.

I know it is proper I should hope so, madam; but suppose she should be like the mothers-in-law we sometimes hear of, and set my dear papa against me, what can I do then?

Mrs. GROVES.

Though it is improper to encourage in yourself such melancholy apprehensions, yet, in case such should be your lot, you must exert the sweetness of your disposition, and the goodness of your heart, as a support to yourself, that you may be a comfort to your father, who will deserve more pity than you, for having undesignedly brought such a misfortune upon you, as it will fall with double weight on him.

Miss LOVELESS.

Believe me, madam, though your goodness emboldens me to lay my heart open to you, I have no idea of appearing to repine at any action of my papa's. However the new *Mrs. Loveless* may behave to *me*, I shall think myself bound

to treat *her* with duty and respect; nor shall my dear papa find any obstacle to his happiness which I have the power of removing.

Mrs. GROVES.

Your determination is charming, and bespeaks a mind fraught with propriety. As you are more calm, I can tell you that your new mamma was a widow, and that she has two daughters nearly of your own age.

Miss LOVELESS.

That news has, in some measure, reconciled me to my papa's marriage. You know I always longed for a sister, and now I shall have two!—Do you know, madam, that I begin to be impatient to see all these new relations?

Mrs. GROVES.

That is a pleasure I believe you will have very shortly, for your papa's housekeeper is coming this day in the coach to fetch you home, and I expect her every instant—go, therefore, and take leave of your school-fellows, whilst I look over, and pack up your cloaths.

[*Miss Loveless curtsies and goes out.*

[*The Scene closes.*]

16 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

SCENE *the School Room.*

[*Miss Tate sitting at one end working.*]

[*The young ladies playing in separate parties in different parts of the room.*]

[*Miss Loveless enters wiping her eyes; they all crowd round her, and at once ask what is the matter?*]

Miss LOVELESS.

Nothing very bad is the matter, my dears; only I am going to leave you.

[*Several voices together,*]

Going to leave us—what are you never to return to school again?

Miss LOVELESS.

I hope I shall come back very soon—but [*sighing*] my papa is married again, and I am sent for to be introduced to my new mamma.

Miss RAWLINS.

O! then I do pity you extremely; no wonder you should be unhappy when you are going home to be ill-treated.

Miss

Miss TATE.

For shame! *Miss Rawlins*, to use such expressions; does it follow, that because *Miss Loveless* has a new mother, she is to be ill used?

Miss RAWLINS.

I speak from experience, madam: have not I a mother-in-law? therefore you must allow me to be a judge of this matter. But you are always taking me up so, *Miss Tate*. You cannot bear that I should speak.

Miss TATE.

Upon such a subject you ought to be the greatest comforter of *Miss Loveless*, if you did your mamma justice; for, you know, that but for your perverse temper, you never would have been sent to school.

Miss RAWLINS.

Very well! *Miss Tate*, I am always in the wrong in your opinion, whenever I speak. Never mind, only stay till *Miss Loveless* returns to school, and then hear what she will say.

Miss TATE.

Whatever may be *Miss Loveless's* fate, I have too high an opinion of her understanding, and

the goodness of her heart, to believe she will openly condemn her father and his lady. Comfort yourself, dear Miss *Loveless*, and hope every thing; retain but the sweetness of your temper, and you cannot be unhappy.

Miss LOVELESS.

Indeed, Miss *Tate*, I am rather disposed to be *happy* at present, for my governess tells me my new mamma has two daughters; and I am impatient to be introduced to them: yet, I cannot leave my worthy governess, (who has so amply made up to me the loss of my own dear mamma,) and my school-fellows, and you, without feeling the tenderest regret.

Miss TATE.

Your sensibility, my dear Miss *Loveless*! is very commendable, and we are much obliged to you for your affection to us; yet, I sincerely hope you will meet such a reception at home as will make you forget us.

Miss LOVELESS.

Forget you! I hope I never can; but yet, if my mamma is kind, and my sisters affectionate,

to be sure I would rather stay at home than return to school.

Enter Mrs. Groves. [The dinner-bell-rings.]

Mrs. GROVES.

Mrs. Cartwright is arrived, my dear Miss Loveless; but I thought you might wish to remain with your school-fellows, and therefore persuaded her to have some refreshment before you saw her.

Miss LOVELESS.

You are very obliging, madam, to a most excellent woman, who, though my father's housekeeper, is a gentlewoman, reduced by misfortunes to her present station: my dear mamma was much attached to her, and taught me, from my earliest infancy to respect her. I am impatient to see her, and ask ten thousand questions.

Mrs. GROVES.

That is very natural, my love; but first go and get your dinner with the young ladies, during which time I will finish my preparations for your departure. When you have dined come
to

20 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

to me in the parlour, and there you will find your worthy domestic.

[*Mrs. Groves goes out.*

[*The Scene closes, as the young ladies are putting away their playthings, and appearing to be going down to dinner.*]

SCENE *Mrs. GROVES's Parlour.*

[*Mrs. Groves packing a band box with caps, flowers, &c.*]

[*Mrs. Cartwright sitting by her.*]

Mrs. GROVES.

The many questions I have asked you, *Mrs. Cartwright* arose not, believe me, from impertinent curiosity, but an anxious solicitude for the happiness of my amiable scholar.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I ought not to form too hasty an opinion of my new mistress; she may be more amiable than she appears to me; my sentiments of her may arise from my ignorance of the present modes of the world, and my fears for the happiness of my dear Miss *Loveless*: a fine lady is an entirely new character to me.

Mrs.

Mrs. GROVES.

I hope her daughters are untinctured with their mother's vanity—with *them* Miss *Loveless* may find comfort.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I have not yet seen them; they are expected from school to-day: it was for that reason my master sent for his daughter. He does not yet appear to see the foibles of his wife, and, with his usual goodness of heart, was talking to her with delight of their children returning home together; but by the chilling indifference with which she heard him, I am sure she did not wish Miss *Loveless* to be of the party; and, I fear, this going home will be productive of nothing but sorrow and mortification to her.

Mrs. GROVES.

If your Lady's heart is accessible to goodness, her daughter-in-law will find the avenue; gentleness, and its attendant virtues, inhabit the bosom of Miss *Loveless*.

Mrs.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

She is formed on the model of my late mistress, who was all amiable sweetness and mild condescension. I long, yet dread to see the dear young lady! she will ask me ten thousand questions. I cannot distress her by mentioning my fears, nor have I a right to judge from appearances.

Mrs. GROVES.

It will be better to divert her mind, if possible, from dwelling on this change in her situation. Her father's house is not many miles from this. If you prepare her for what may follow, her artless temper may betray that she is under a restraint. Let all her actions, therefore, flow *naturally*.—I hear her coming.

[*Enter Miss Loveless.*

[*Mrs. Cartwright rises at her entrance, and continues standing.*]

Miss LOVELESS.

My dear! dear! *Cartwright*, how do you do? I am glad to see you look so well. So, you have great alterations at home since I saw you!

Mrs.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

My new lady has been come to us but a week, and we expect the young ladies, her daughters, to-day. Your papa is very well, and I am delighted to see you, miss, so much grown and improved.

Miss LOVELESS.

So, you have not seen my new sisters yet? I am sorry for that; I long to know what sort of girls they are. How do you like my new mamma?

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

She is very pretty and genteel in her person; but she has never spoken to me yet, as she does not like *strangers*; her woman, therefore, brings to me all her orders.

Miss LOVELESS.

Pray sit down, Mrs. Cartwright; I am sure my governess will permit you. Nay, I insist upon your sitting; what, are you to fatigue yourself for the child who has so frequently tired you, when she could not help herself?

Mrs.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT [wiping her eyes.]

I see you are as good as ever, and the image still of my late dear lady. With your permission, miss, I think we had better order the coach.

Miss LOVELESS.

If my governess pleases, I have no objection. Tell me, *Mrs. Cartwright*, how long am I to stay at home? or am I never to return again to school?

Mrs. GROVES.

I have prepared all your things now, my dear *Miss Loveless*, and will give directions for the coach to be ordered. Are there any of the young ladies you would particularly wish to take leave of?

Miss LOVELESS.

I have, in general, said farewell to all; but as you are so kind, madam, I should like to see *Miss Gower* again.

Mrs. GROVES.

I will send her to you, my dear, and will
now

now go and see your cloaths put into the hands of your papa's footman, and order the coach.

[*Mrs. Groves goes out.*]

Miss LOVELESS.

This unexpected marriage of my papa's, *Cartwright*, fills me with many fears; but I am delighted at going home; and yet I am very sorry, indeed, to leave my worthy governess, and all my young companions here.

[*Enter Miss Gower, who curtsies.*]

Miss GOWER.

My governess sent me to you, my dear *Maria*, but I am afraid it is only to take leave of you. I am very sorry to part from you.

Miss LOVELESS.

And I am equally sorry to leave you, and yet the hope of being happy at home is a great consolation. But if I do not return to school again, I shall certainly ask papa to let me come and see you; in the mean time I am sure my governess will let you write to me, that I may have the pleasure of hearing that she and all my school-fellows are well.

L

Enter

Enter Mrs. GROVES.

The coach is almost ready.

Miss LOVELESS [bursts into tears.]

How shall I leave you, madam?

Mrs. GROVES.

Compose your spirits, dear Miss *Loveless*. It will be but an ill compliment to carry a *sorrowing* countenance to a *house of joy*; and may displease your papa.

Miss LOVELESS.

He shall see no traces of concern, for I will endeavour to wipe away all my tears on the journey: besides, I know the joy of seeing him will overcome every kind of sorrow; but yet, madam, what an ungrateful creature must I be, if I did not leave you with regret?

Mrs. GROVES.

I should be sorry, my dear young friend, to think you could forget one who loves you so tenderly as I do: but something presages that we shall meet again soon; let that thought console us for the present distress. *Miss Gower,*

my

my love, restrain your tears, indeed they affect your friend too much.

Miss GOWER [*sobbing.*]

I will try, madam.

Mrs. GROVES.

I have put up the eight shirts you made for your papa, my love, and the frock you worked for yourself. Your copy-book also I have sent, as I suppose he will like to see your improvements: reading he can try you in. I hope you will return to finish your embroidery; but you must tell your papa, that the reason you were so long about it, was my fear of your growing awry, if you sat too long at a frame. I must beg you, *Mrs. Cartwright*, to give *Mr. Loveless* this letter, containing my compliments and congratulations.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I shall certainly execute your commands, madam.

Enter Footman.

The coach is ready, madam.

28 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

[*Miss Loveless throws her arms round her governess's neck, and hides her face in her bosom.*]

Mrs. GROVES [*embracing her.*]

God bless you! my dear, my amiable child! may you meet a tender parent in Mrs. Loveless, and every blessing this world can afford you.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I will go to the coach first; Mrs. Groves, your servant.

[*Mrs. Cartwright goes out.*]

[*Miss Loveless disengages herself from her governess, and kisses Miss Gower; then sobbing says*]

Farewell, dear madam! adieu! my much loved Lucy! think of me sometimes—I never shall forget you!

[*Goes out hastily with her handkerchief at her eyes.*]

Mrs. GROVES.

If my wishes succeed, my sweet girl will be happier than I have reason to expect. Go, my dear, into the school room, as I have some accounts to settle.

[*The Scene closes.*]

END of ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE, a Parlour in Mr. Loveless's House.

[Enter Miss Loveless followed by Mrs. Cartwright
and a footman.]

Miss LOVELESS.

WILL you let Mrs. Loveless know I am
here, and ready to pay my duty to
her ?

FOOTMAN.

Yes, Madam.

[Bows and goes out.]

Miss LOVELESS.

I am so agitated, *Cartwright*, I don't know what
to do, only feel how my heart beats.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

You should compose yourself, my dear young lady, or you will be unfit to appear before your mamma.

Miss LOVELESS.

If she behaves kindly to me I shall soon recover all my agitation—But there's the fear.

Enter FOOTMAN.

My lady is dressing and cannot admit you yet Miss.

[*Footman goes out.*

Miss LOVELESS.

Could not she let me attend her at her toilet? that was the time my own mamma always desired my company; you know, *Cartwright*, I liked to supply your place, and help her to dress.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

My dear you must consider that this lady and you are at present strangers; besides, it will be unfair to compare all her actions with your own mamma's; it is unreasonable to expect at first fight such love as a mother shewed you.

Miss

Miss LOVELESS.

Well, I believe it will be best not to think at all about it, so give me an account of my *children* as I used to call them; where is my faithful *Fidelle*? why does not he come and welcome me as he used to do?

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

The dog was so much encouraged by your papa and you, that the night my new lady came home he jumped, and made so much of her, she was excessively alarmed, for she has very weak nerves.—She gave her coachman immediate orders to secure it in the stable, but the confinement drew such howlings from it, that I desired your papa to suffer me to give it away, which I did to farmer *Cooper's* little daughter *Jenny*, and she takes as much care of it as you did, and is proud of the charge.

Miss LOVELESS.

Poor *Fidelle*! I am sorry you are gone; but I must go and see him by-and-by, *Cartwright*.—Where are my two pretty cats, that I have fondled from kittens?

Mrs.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I am sorry to say I could not preserve them. *Mrs. Loveless* faints at the sight of a cat, she therefore commanded them to be drowned, and her own footman obeyed her.

Miss LOVELESS.

Poor *Jesse* and *Tib*!—I wish I had known in time; that you would be so disagreeable to my mamma, I would have given you to my governess, and so have saved your lives; I am almost ashamed to tell you how sorry I am for their loss.—I wish my papa would come home from his ride; he did not use to stay out so long.—Well, but how are my ducks and chickens? Have you any new broods?

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I fear my account of them will distress you, my dear young lady, but they have only been neglected these few days, for my mistress has given positive orders that I should never leave my employments in the house to attend to any thing else, and her own woman is always watching me; so that I dared not even look at the little creatures,

you

you committed to my care. I gave *Sam* the stable-boy orders to feed and attend to them, but I fear he does not understand them sufficiently to clean their nests or set them properly.

Miss LOVELESS.

How ill-natured this mamma must be to let dumb animals be neglected!—My own mamma told me, I might judge of any person's temper by their conduct to the helpless part of the creation.—We must fix on some plan for their relief; indeed they had better be *dead* than kept in such a state.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I will endeavour to attend you if you can obtain permission from your mamma; but I dare not go to ask her myself, for she has such an aversion to *fat* women that she cannot endure me, and therefore I am only admitted when sent for by your papa.

Miss LOVELESS.

I am afraid then she will dislike *me* also, for as my mamma would never suffer me to wear tight stays, my waist is not yet quite taper enough for the fashion.

Enter

34 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

Enter Mrs. Loveless's woman, and says,

My lady is now in the drawing room, and you may go to her Miss when you please.

Miss LOVELESS (trembling.)

I shall certainly attend her immediately.

Goes out hastily.

WOMAN.

Miss is a good fine girl I think—but she will be terribly eclipsed by my young ladies.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

They cannot eclipse her in *mind* however; she is the most amiable creature I ever knew.

WOMAN (*with an impertinent toss.*)

That is *your* opinion.

[*They go out at different doors.*]

SCENE *a Drawing Room.*

[*Mrs. Loveless lolling on a sofa, twirling her pocket handkerchief—Miss Loveless enters—advances towards her, then stops irresolute what to do—after a pause she speaks.*]

Miss LOVELESS.

Your woman, Madam—

Mrs.

Mrs. Lovless, (starts.)

Bless me, who is that? your sudden intrusion has alarmed me excessively. Did any body ever hear of a young lady bouncing into a room without a footman to announce her?—I am all over in a fit of trembling.

Miss Loveless, (abashed.)

I beg your pardon Madam—but your woman told me I might come; and I had not been used to send a servant before me; for the future I will be more circumspect.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

You have not been used to send a servant! no child, it is visible enough you have not been used to any thing genteel.

[Miss Loveless in great confusion looks at a chair, but seems fearful of sitting down.]

Mrs. LOVELESS.

I suppose, by the awkward figure you make you have been used to stand in the middle of the room; pray seat yourself. *(She sits, Mrs. Loveless stares at her, and surveys her from head*

36 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

to foot) Ha! ha! ha! is your dress your own or your Governess's taste.

Miss LOVELESS, (endeavouring to refrain from crying)

Neither, Madam. My own mamma disliked finery, I am therefore dressed now as I was in her life time.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

She had a charming idea of dress (*with a sneer*) but I might have known that from a picture of her in my dressing room, the dress of which no doubt was her own taste.

Miss LOVELESS, (extremely affected.)

My mamma was very good, Madam.—I think I hear my papa's voice; may I go to him?

Mrs. LOVELESS.

Stay where you are child; I must have the pleasure of seeing you meet.

[A footman throws open the door.]

Enter Mr. LOVELESS.

[Miss Loveless jumps from her seat in great agitation, advances towards her papa, then stops.]

Mr.

Mr. LOVELESS to his wife.

How do you do my dear?—*Maria*, my love, (*he embraces her with great affection*) come and let me press you to my fond heart: your good governess writes me word that you are as amiable as ever, consequently dearer to me. Have you paid your duty to your new mamma? let me present to you, Madam, a daughter who I am certain will pay you as much duty and respect as you claim from your own. Salute your mamma, *Maria*. [*Mrs. Loveless takes her hand with great indifference.*]

Mrs. LOVELESS.

There, child, that is enough. Kissing is so vulgar I cannot endure it. Sit down. I wonder, Mr. *Loveless*, the coach is not yet returned with the Miss *Blombergs*!—Surely no accident has happened!

Mr. LOVELESS [*who appears much hurt.*]

What accident should happen? [*he goes and sits by his daughter, and takes her hand*] you are very much grown, my dear child, and I hear are extremely improved in every branch of your education.

M

Mrs.

38 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

Mrs. LOVELESS.

Her attainments are, no doubt, very great, brought up, as she has been, at a *country* boarding school. Why, the girl has no more idea of breeding than her governess. — Ha! ha! [*Laughs sneeringly.*]

Mr. LOVELESS.

She is *good*, however, *Mrs. Loveless*; and, as to her *breeding*, I see no awkwardness but what proceeds from that bashfulness natural to modesty.

[*Enter a servant and announces the Miss Blombergs. They are dressed with the greatest elegance and expence; after advancing slowly to their mamma, whom they salute, they pay their compliments to Mr. Loveless, make a slight curtsy to Miss Loveless, and then take their seats.*]

Mrs. LOVELESS.

You look charmingly, my dears—and your manner of entering a room is graceful and elegant, and does credit to the school I have placed you in. *London* is the place for good breeding. A *country* education is only proper for *rustics*.

Miss

Miss BLOOMBERG.

We have studied grace more than any thing else, mamma; because my sister and I did not find much trouble in that.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

No, my dears, that qualification you possess from nature, or you could not so easily have acquired it. Dinner is nearly ready now, I must therefore defer my enquiries after your other improvements till the afternoon; but if they are equal to your *appearance*, I shall be perfectly satisfied.

[*A footman enters.*]

Dinner is on the table.

Mrs. Loveless rises; her daughters follow. Mr. Loveless takes his daughter's hand, and advances towards the door.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

I understood from *Gardner* that you had dined, child. If you are accustomed to eat two dinners no wonder you are so fat.

Miss LOVELESS.

Indeed, Madam, I have no appetite to make a

40 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

second dinner; and, if you will permit me, I wish rather to go into the garden.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

Follow your own inclination, ma'am. I do not intend to interfere. Come, young ladies, I will shew you where the dining parlour is.

[*Mr. LOVELESS Stops and kisses his daughter.*]

Go, my love; into the garden and divert yourself. I will send for you again soon.

[*Goes out distressed.*]

Miss LOVELESS.

I must go and seek *Cartwright*, and tell her all my troubles. I am so unhappy I cannot express it.

[*She bursts into tears and goes out.*]

SCENE *the garden.*

[*Mrs. CARTWRIGHT and Miss LOVELESS walking.*]

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

Your description of the reception you met with from *Mrs. Loveless* exceeds even my fears. It might be cruel not to prepare you; but indeed

deed I thought it unbecoming my station to mention the observation her conduct naturally excited.

Miss LOVELESS.

Your reason was a proper one; and yet, *Cartwright*, what will become of me? I can never be happy at home. My mamma despises me, and my new sisters cast such glances of contempt at me, that it is plain their sentiments agree with her's.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

Their mamma's example, and the manner they
 have been educated in, will, no doubt, prevail
 over every tender sentiment of the heart. If a
fashionable education produces such effects, how
 thankful ought you to be for being bred in the
 country!

Miss LOVELESS.

So I should if it did not add to my mamma's prejudices; but I see in all her words and actions, that my education and manners are subjects for her ridicule.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I will not enter so fully into this subject as I might do. Let me advise you to keep up your

M 3 spirits;

42 *The GOOD DAUGHTER-IN-LAW,*

spirits; nor will I suffer you to give way to sorrow, till some *worthy* person, whose good opinion is *worth gaining*, despises you for possessing the country virtues you can boast, or prefers show and splendour to unaffected good-nature and tenderness of disposition. Persevere in the amiable conduct that has hitherto marked your character, and the consciousness of doing right, will relieve the unhappiness your mamma's strange conduct may occasion you!

Miss LOVELESS.

Strengthened by the advice of my governess, the love of my papa, and the regard you shew me, I will try by patience and submission to overcome the visible dislike Mrs. *Loveless* has conceived against me. It is some comfort that my papa seems as fond of me as ever.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

He is, indeed, doatingly fond of you, and seems delighted when he comes into my apartment to talk of you, and dwell on your accomplishments.

Miss

Miss LOVELESS.

The idea of pleasing *him* will at length render me easy; and I will try to make this new mamma relent—who knows but I may succeed? *You* love me—*my governess* loves me—so do the *teachers*, and all my *school-fellows*—at least they appear as if they did, and why should not Mrs. *Loveless* in a little time?

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I will leave you now, my dear young lady: I fancy your papa has dined, for I see the Miss *Blombergs* coming this way; perhaps when you are alone together, you may get acquainted, and find them more pleasing than you expect.

[Mrs. Cartwright goes out.]

Miss LOVELESS

[Looks out with great attention—then speaks]

They are very *elegant* to be sure, and those long trains extremely graceful—but then they must be in their way—they could not jump over stiles as I can—[*She continues silent, as if thinking.*]

[Enter Miss Blombergs.]

Miss

Miss BLOMBERG.

We are come to walk about the garden, Miss; your papa says you may shew us the grounds and the buildings.

Miss LOVELESS.

It will afford me great pleasure, young ladies to make myself agreeable to you. I will most readily attend you.

Miss BLOMBERG.

To tell you the truth, my sister and I are no great admirers of the country; we had rather not go any farther; indeed, I have walked thus far in a fright, for fear I should spoil my shoes.

Miss LOVELESS.

They are, indeed, too elegant for a country walk. When you have *worse* cloaths on it will be better to visit the garden and grounds.

Miss BLOMBERG.

O! we are never *worse* dressed than you see us now; my mamma would *faint* if our cloaths were not like her own, in the *first of the mode*. I dare say she will soon alter every part of *your* dress.

Miss

Miss LOVELESS.

I shall be very happy to conform to her commands in every thing, and will never appear before her in any dress, but one like your's, if she requires it; but then I hope I shall be allowed to *walk* and *skip about*, as I have been used to do in my present dress sometimes.

Miss AMELIA.

La, Miss! I am sure you can never have been in *London*, to talk in such raptures as you do of *green fields*. My mamma says it is *odious* to be fond of the country. She spends all the summer at the watering places, before *Christmas* at *Bath*, and dear *London* in the spring!

Miss BLOMBERG.

O! how I long to leave school; and perhaps, as mamma praised our gracefulness, we may soon do so. I do love plays and operas, and *Vauxhall* and *Ranelagh*!

Miss LOVELESS.

Why, have you been at all those places, and are still a school girl?

Miss

Miss BLOMBERG.

Well, Miss, I *now*, as my mamma says, you are *preciously vulgar*. School girl, indeed!—Young ladies, bred as I have been, are not usually called so.

Miss LOVELESS.

I beg your pardon, Miss *Blomberg*; I did not mean to offend—but my surprize at hearing you talk of having been at such a variety of public places occasioned it.

Miss AMELIA.

O! Miss, there's no great offence, only *Juliana* affects to be a *fine lady*, because mamma tells her it is becoming: but as to *public places* we scarcely miss going to one or other every evening when mamma is in town.

Miss LOVELESS.

I cannot think then what time you have to learn all that is taught at school. I know my hours were fully employed, without any *amusement*, but such as I found after school hours.

Miss BLOMBERG.

O! Miss, but you must not compare *your* education

tion with *ours*. Consider how different our situations are. We have very *great fortunes*, and mamma says there is no occasion to spoil our eyes, and deaden our understandings with any learning but what is *fashionable*—but I detest trouble so much that I am afraid she will not think me accomplished enough; for I have never attended to music, it was so difficult: nor would I have talked *French*, but that I must have been silent if I had not spoken in that language: my governess was so ill-natured and strict about it. However, though I can talk pretty well, I know no more about writing it than if it was *Greek*. I can *dance* very well, that will please her; but I learnt that because dancing days were nice holidays, and I was dressed in my best, and people came to admire us, or else I would have attended to that as little as any thing else. As to *work* I protest I scarcely know how to handle my needle, but I have bought a piece of embroidery of one of the half boarders, and that I shall produce as my own. Don't tell though, pray Miss. What do you employ yourself about at your *country school*?

Miss

Miss LOVELESS.

We learn to read *French* and *English*, and to write it correctly; are well grounded in plain work, and then my governess suffers us to chuse any kind of ornamental work that we please. Embroidery is remarkably well done at my school. In addition to this we learn writing, arithmetic, and the use of the globes; those who have taste are also instructed in drawing and painting. We likewise learn to dance; and an *Italian* master attends those whose parents are desirous of their knowing that language.

Miss AMELIA.

Well! what a ridiculous burlesque upon learning! Pray, Miss, what can *you* do? for I am sure it is impossible any one person can learn so many different things.

Miss LOVELESS.

Indeed it is not Miss; many young ladies at our school excel in them all. Music is the most difficult to gain, because, unless the young ladies will practice in their play hours, they have too little time to make a proficiency.

Miss

Miss AMELIA.

Learning to *sing* is at least above you, I suppose, for in your catalogue you forgot to mention a singing master.

Miss LOVELESS.

We are, indeed, too far distant from *London* to admit of my governess's procuring a fashionable one; but even that deficiency is in some measure supplied to us by the teacher; she has naturally a fine voice, and had an opportunity of improving her taste, at a school she formerly lived in; where it was part of her business to attend the young ladies, while their music and singing masters were with them, who were both very capital performers.

Miss BLOMBERG.

So then you fancy your teacher can instruct you to sing as well as *Squalini*. Well, I vow and protest your ignorance makes me die with laughing. But you won't say so when you come to perform before mamma I fancy.

Miss LOVELESS.

Indeed you strangely mistake my meaning, ladies; I am very far from supposing my advantage in this

N

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particular, equal to yours, and only answered your questions to the best of my ability, without any intention of offending.

Miss AMELIA.

O! you wont offend us. Mamma says you will be an excellent foil to my sister and me; and your ideas will make you appear more absurd than we could have expected. Pray, miss, what is your name?

Miss BLOMBERG.

O la! miss, that is the very thing I wish to know; do tell us your *Christian* name, for I am terribly at a loss what to call you when I am talking to you.

Miss LOVELESS.

My name is *Maria*, after my grand-mamma.

Miss AMELIA.

Maria! Maria! is not that one of the names mamma has such an aversion to, because it is so common? Do recollect *July*.

Miss BLOMBERG.

For goodness sake, *Amelia*, do not call me *July*; you make my name as vulgar as *Maria*. What use was there in mamma's studying so long as she says she

she did to give me a *genteel* name, if you shorten it in so shocking a manner?

Miss AMELIA.

I beg your pardon, *Juliana*; I know mamma thinks you superior to me, because your name is more uncommon; but she will never be able to pronounce your's, *Maria*. She says she always judges of people's accomplishments by the names they give to their children.

Miss LOVELESS.

I am sorry my name is likely to be so offensive. I own I like it very much myself.

Miss BLOMBERG.

As you have praised your own, without saying a word of ours, you may possibly want fashion sufficiently to prefer plain *Maria* to elegant *Juliana* and *Amelia*?

Miss LOVELESS.

Your names are uncommon ones, and such as I have been unused to; but I think *Amelia* a very soft name.

Miss AMELIA.

O! then you prefer *my* name to my *sister's*; well, I am so delighted with you for that, I have a great

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mind to make you my *friend*. But who comes here in such haste?

[*Enter footman.*

FOOTMAN.

I am sent, ladies, to inform you, that my master and lady desire your company in the drawing room.

Miss BLOMBERG.

We will attend them immediately. Come, *Maria*, you must follow my sister. Mamma says you are not on an equality with us.

Miss LOVELESS.

I shall never contend that point, nor I hope any other, ladies, with either your mamma or you.

[*They go out.*

[*The Scene closes.*]

SCENE *the drawing room.*

[*Mr. Loveless looking out at the window.*]

[*Mrs. Loveless picking her teeth, with a small pocket glass in her hand, which she frequently looks in.*]

Mrs. LOVELESS.

Pray, Mr. Loveless, what age is your daughter?

Mr.

Mr. LOVELESS.

She is just fourteen, madam.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

She appears much older. But she is so *horridly* grave and *affectedly* wise, that there is no making any thing of her.

Mr. LOVELESS.

Her disposition is truly amiable; and at times she has as much chearfulness as a girl ought to have: but consider, madam, she is now among strangers.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

And consider too the awkward bashfulness a *country* education gives. Let her go to school with the Miss *Blombergs*, and perhaps she may acquire their elegance of manner.

Mr. LOVELESS.

Maria has a small fortune, and I should be sorry to educate her above her circumstances; she is, therefore, better at Mrs. *Groves's* than at a more refined school. Examine her attainments, and then I hope you will perceive, that there is no cause for removing her to any other school.

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Mrs. LOVELESS.

The idea of accomplishments acquired in the country is truly ridiculous. But I hear the young ladies coming: let us now see the difference between *gracefulness* and *rufficity*.

[Enter the Miss Blombergs followed by Miss Loveless. The former advance with an affected stateliness; the latter comes in with great ease and good humour; makes a curtesy, and advances to her papa.]

Mr. LOVELESS.

You have had a long walk, my love. I hope you are not fatigued.

Miss LOVELESS.

Not at all, my dear papa.

Mr. LOVELESS.

You have not paid your compliments to your mamma, my dear Maria.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

Oh! I do not expect any thing like civility from her; she is too awkward.

Miss

Miss LOVELESS.

I hope, madam, you will never find me wanting in any instance of dutiful attention to you.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

I protest the girl speaks!—Come, my own dear children, dance me a minuet.

Miss BLOMBERG.

Who can play one?—Can you *Maria*?

Miss LOVELESS.

I shall be very happy to make myself useful.

[*She sits down to the harpsichord, and plays to their dancing.*]

Mrs. LOVELESS.

Very well, indeed; and wonderful, considering your music was so indifferent.

Mr. LOVELESS.

Indifferent do you call *Maria's* playing!—She is allowed by all the judges in this neighbourhood to be a great performer for her age; and it was by sparing time from her play hours that she was able to make this proficiency.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

Well, if *you* think she plays well, that is enough.

Come

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Come, my dear *Juliana*, let him hear from you what *good playing* is.

Miss BLOMBERG.

Indeed, mamma, I had rather not play now. I am very much out of practice.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

I insist on your obeying me. [*Miss* Blomberg sits down with great reluctance; plays very indifferently, and looks cross the whole time.]

Miss BLOMBERG.

There, mamma; I never can play well on a strange harpsichord, and out of other people's books. Come, sister, take my seat.

Miss AMELIA.

I would rather be excused. I am all impatience to hear *Maria* sing. Do you know, mamma, she says her teacher instructs her as well as our singing master could do!

Mrs. LOVELESS [*quite out of humour.*]

I dare say she thinks so. Pray, miss, let us hear your fine taste in singing.

Mr. LOVELESS [*seeing his daughter look confused.*]

Don't be abashed, my beloved *Maria*. Go to your

your instrument, and sing one of your favourite songs.

[*Miss Loveless goes to her harpsichord, and sings a song in a very pleasing and graceful manner.*]

Mrs. LOVELESS.

Why, child, you cannot be quite so bashful as I thought you, to *sing* and *squall* before company, without shewing any signs of fear.

Miss LOVELESS.

I sung at your command, and the Miss *Blomberg's* request, and to entertain my papa; when such my motives, I hope there is no cause for shame, madam.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

I must inform you, Miss *Loveless*, that I have not been accustomed to such impertinent answers: curb, therefore, at least in my presence, the insolence of your temper.

[*Miss Loveless advances to her seat, wiping her eyes, and sits down by her papa, who affectionately takes her hand.*]

Mr. LOVELESS.

Your new mamma does not know you yet, my sweet girl; when she does it will be impossible for
her

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her to wound that gentle disposition with unkind speeches: support your spirits, therefore, with this assurance, that I shall ever be a tender and affectionate parent, while you remain a dutiful and tractable child.

Miss LOVELESS.

Indeed, my dear papa, I will endeavour to be all my mamma and you can desire. Believe me, madam, I had no intention of being impertinent.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

I do not trouble myself about you. I will pay so much regard to you as to desire your father to let you accompany my daughters to *Queen's-square*.

[*Maria looks alarmed.*]

Mr. LOVELESS.

What says my child? you shall do as you like.

Mrs. LOVELESS.

O! then you may be sure she will not like what I do. What say you miss?

Miss LOVELESS.

I hope you will permit me, madam, to return to my kind governess; I think removing me from her
would

would break my heart, and make her very unhappy.

Mr. LOVELESS.

You shall go again to Mrs. Groves; she is a most worthy woman, and has blended your accomplishments with your virtues so naturally, that they seem imbibed together. This afternoon, madam, [*to Mrs. Loveless*] I will again send *Maria* to school, and if your disposition in future should still recoil at her, she shall live with a sister of mine in *Yorkshire*. Her distance from us will occasion you and me to be more frequently separated than I could wish; but I will sacrifice a great deal to promote harmony at home. I will ever be a tender friend to your daughters, and sincerely hope the education you have given them will prove to their advantage, and your entire satisfaction.

[*During this speech Maria appears greatly affected, and frequently presses her papa's hand. Mrs. Loveless impatient, and endeavours to stop his continuing it.*]

Mr. LOVELESS.

We will dispute no more on this or any other
subject

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subject, [*he rises.*] Give me your hand, my dear; I have ordered coffee in the pavillion in the garden; let us go and enjoy ourselves: after which, *Maria*, you will be prepared to return to school, and I will see you there in a few days.

[*Mrs. Loveless rises and gives him her hand very suddenly. The Miss Blombergs push by Maria, and follow them. Miss Loveless wipes her eyes, and composes herself.*

[*They go out.*

END of ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE *a parlour in Mrs. Groves's house.*

[*Mrs. Groves and Miss Tate drinking tea.*]

Mrs. GROVES.

I AM so anxious about Miss *Loveless*, that I am really incapable of attending to any thing else.

Miss TATE.

My feelings are also strongly interested about her; but there is one whose anxiety exceeds even ours. I never saw a greater instance of sensibility and real friendship, than in Miss *Gower*, who is more affected than one would imagine so young a person capable of being.

Mrs. GROVES.

How pleasing it is to observe such a friendship arising between young ladies of the present age. I make no doubt but they will ever remain strict
O friends.

friends. Their dispositions are formed for the regard they profess for each other; nor will it, I am persuaded, end but with their lives.

Miss TATE.

I contemplate with great delight their growing virtues. If young ladies could but be prevailed on to think how preferable inward goodness renders them, to the glitter of empty show and chatter without meaning, they would surely give up fashionable folly, and court more useful attainments.

Mrs. GROVES.

Your observation, *Miss Tate*, is very natural to every thinking mind; there is not an object, in my opinion, more deserving pity than young people, born of parents whose sole delight proceeds from gaiety and dress. The children, it is true, for a few years, are kept from partaking their pleasures, but where such is the conduct of the master and mistress of a family, servants catch the infection, and instill gay ideas into the minds of children, even from their cradle. Thus prepared, they long to grow up, merely to be introduced into every scene of dissipation and folly, without imagining there is any
other

other end proposed by their existence, and measure each other's happiness by the greatest number of times they are allowed to partake in every public entertainment.

Miss TATE.

It is thus, indeed, madam, they become bad wives and mothers; with such a foundation is it wonderful, that all the attention of a governess cannot overcome prejudices so unhappily imbibed, growing as it were with their strength, and interwoven in their natures? We who have the care of so many different young ladies easily discern the advantage of children's having mothers who have been attentive to them from their earliest infancy; nor can it be more strongly marked than in the characters we were speaking of. Contrast them with *Miss Rawlins*. Her own mother was pretty, gay, dissipated to excess. In *her way* she doated on her child; who was trained to all the fancies of her mother, introduced into company at three years old; and taught to talk on every subject but what she ought! Poor unthinking *Mrs. Rawlins* soon lost a life she took so little care

to preserve, and died a martyr to fashionable amusements. A worthy woman became, after her, Mr. *Rawlins's* wife, but she could not overcome the unhappy errors of this poor unthinking girl, who calls *advice* ill-nature, and *moral rectitude* absurdity. Mrs. *Loveless* was the most amiable of women; these two ladies left the impression of their own characters on their children, and if they could be permitted to see what passes in this world, how would one parent be blessed in beholding the virtues her attention brought forth! and how severe the punishment of the other to perceive, that neither argument, indulgence, or punishment, can overcome the fatal prejudices her conduct instilled!

Mrs. GROVES.

What a noble example, also, does Mrs. *Gower* set, who, in the prime of her life, gives up all amusement but what she can partake with her children, teaching them herself almost every branch of their education, and thus converting those talents, which were uncommonly cultivated by her father, to the most useful and pleasing end. She was an only child, and had a very large fortune; but
being

being blessed with a numerous family, and her husband's circumstances much reduced during the American war, he has at her desire laid down his coach, given up his house in town, and they now reside throughout the year in the country. All the day Mrs. Gower employs in her domestic duties, and in the evening relaxes, by joining in, or promoting innocent amusements with her children. I have heard her say, that when leading a dance with them, she thinks herself happier, and more to be envied, than when she first made her appearance at Court, adorned with all the pomp of dress, and glittering in jewels.

Miss TATE.

I wonder, Madam, she could spare our sweet pupil, for she was qualified to assist, and be a great comfort to her mamma.

Mrs. GROVES.

The sending her to my school was indeed a high compliment, and arose from a knowledge and regard for me of many years standing; but even that would not have influenced Mrs. Groves, had not her regard for Miss Loveless, induced her to yield

this point to her solicitation. These two amiable girls were bred in friendship from their infancy; their mothers set them the example? and when Mrs. *Loweless* died, she besought her friend to let them be as little separated as possible. When Mr. *Loweless* found it necessary to send *Maria* to school, mine was recommended strongly by Mrs. *Gower*, and then they united in entreating they might not be parted. But this subject has led us to converse so long Miss *Tate*, that we forget time; ring the bell, therefore, to have the tea things removed; you must now go into the school room.—Send Miss *Gower* to me, she shall be my companion this evening; I must endeavour to lessen her distress, however amiable, and give her advice that may teach her to submit, since sorrows and disappointments are the lot of every one who goes through life.

[*Miss Tate rings the bell and goes out. A servant enters and removes the things.*]

[*Enter*

[Enter Miss GOWER, who curtesies, and advances to her Governess.]

Mrs. GROVES [Taking her kindly by the hand.]

I am going to walk in the garden, and divert myself with cutting off the dead roses, and making the trees look neat again. Will you like to be my companion?

Miss GOWER.

Certainly, madam. It will make me very happy to be so much indulged.

Mrs. GROVES.

Well, put on your calash, and we will go immediately.

Miss GOWER [surprized.]

Surely, madam, that coach which is drawing to the house is the same that came for Miss Loveless this morning. Do pray look madam, [agitated.]

Mrs. GROVES [surprized.]

It is indeed, what can be the meaning of its returning so soon?

Miss GOWER.

Perhaps, madam, Miss Loveless may have obtained permission to send for me. I know she intended

to

to make her mamma that request if she was kindly received.

Mrs. GROVES.

We shall soon have our doubts resolved, for the carriage is gone round to the door; but I think Miss *Loveless* is in it, and I could plainly discern Mrs. *Cartwright*.

Miss GOWER.

We shall at least know what reception my dear *Maria* met with from her mamma; but I think it impossible it could be *unkind*; for her gentleness would melt a savage,

[The door is thrown open; Miss Loveless runs in, throws her arms round her Governess's neck and bursts into tears. She is followed by Mrs. Cartwright, who looks full of concern.]

Mrs. GROVES.

My dear Miss *Loveless*! I am rejoiced to see you again, but greatly distressed at these marks of sorrow. Compose yourself, I entreat you. We will have some tea brought in immediately, and that will be of service to you.

Miss.

Miss LOVELESS.

Oh! no my dear Governess, I drank coffee before I left my papa's, and have no inclination for any thing but crying; I never can tell you how unhappy I am.

Miss GOWER. [*bursts into tears.*]

Maria! my dear Maria! do not cry so. I am sure mamma will let you live with us, and then I will take care to prevent your being unhappy.

Miss LOVELESS, [*embraces Miss Gower.*]

I did not see you before Lucy. You are all goodness; but what can make me happy now? I have a mamma who *hates* me.

Mrs. GROVES.

Do not make use of so harsh an expression, my dear girl; nor fancy, because every wish you form is not gratified, that you are to be for ever miserable. *Good* frequently comes out of *evil*, and this little trial is perhaps only intended to sweeten some future blessing.

Miss LOVELESS.

I know I have a great deal to learn, my good
Gover-

Governess; but this is the hardest task I ever set about in my life; under your instruction I hope to make my mind easier, but you must allow me to be very unhappy for I have a mother who despises me, and treats me with every mark of indifference and contempt.

Mrs. GROVES.

Your trial of her has been very short, and though your wishes have been disappointed at present, do not despond; time brings mighty things to pass; trust then to its lenient hand, and hope, that if you endeavour to overcome your mamma's prejudices you will meet success.

Miss LOVELESS.

Oh! madam, I would do any thing to please her; but what she thinks *perfection* I have been taught to call *imperfection*. How then can I hope, that even *time* will render me pleasing to her.

Mrs. GROVES.

You engross me so entirely I am quite rude to Mrs. Cartwright; pray, madam, sit down. Come, young ladies, we will all be seated, and then
perhaps

perhaps we may learn the cause of this extreme despondency.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I rejoice that my dear young lady is with friends so confederate; indeed, madam, she has passed a most uncomfortable day; and I fear her mamma is not capable of thinking beyond herself and her own daughters.

Mrs. GROVES.

I am sorry Mrs. *Cartwright* that you are obliged to confirm this sad intelligence; yet still I indulge hope. I have known many bad mothers-in-law prevailed on by the respectful duty of their adopted children, to be tender and fond of them; why then should my amiable *Maria* despair, if she exerts the perfections Nature has given her to so laudable a purpose?

Miss GOWER.

Oh! madam, you always raise depressed spirits by the wisdom of your discourse; I could almost persuade my friend to forget sorrow, and smile among us once more.

Miss

Miss LOVELESS.

I wish it were possible to forget the unkind treatment I have received. *Cartwright* knows all I have suffered; and after enduring every slight throughout the day, my mamma was cruel enough to continue it even to the last, though she knew I was so soon to return to school; her daughters too, unlike you, my dear *Lucy*, only looked at me to sneer and find fault.

Mrs. GROVES.

I allow it is a very trying situation, and calls for all your good sense to be easy under it; but no difficulties can be overcome without attempts. I had once a scholar in a situation similar to your's; her mother-in-law continued her as long as she could at school, and when forced by the censures of the world to take her home, treated her with every species of neglect; and not contented with the misery she herself inflicted, suffered her own daughters to use her ill, and made her as subservient as if their domestic. For her papa's sake she bore this treatment without a complaint; at length it pleased God to afflict
her

her mother with a severe illness, her daughter-in-law never left her bed-side; she administered all her medicines; attended to the making every thing that was thought good for her, and gave up every amusement. One day, thinking her mamma asleep, she stole into the next room, where her sisters were making a great noise, entreated them to desist, and begged they would consider that perhaps their mother's life depended on her sleep not being disturbed: her entreaties were without effect; they only abused her, nay, even beat her; she therefore shut them in, and returned slowly to her mamma, and again seated herself by her bed-side. The lady heard all that passed, and struck with her amiable disposition, when she returned, put back the curtain, and taking her hand, begged her pardon for having been so unjust to her, promising, when she recovered, to make her every amends in her power. This promise she faithfully kept, and the good daughter now reaps the reward of her patience and perseverance.

Miss LOVELESS.

So sweet a story gives me emulation at least;

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to

to be sure I have been sadly disappointed, but I know it is unbecoming in me to appear to see any thing improper in my father's wife; from henceforth, therefore, I will try to forget her unkind treatment, and never will I mention it out of this company. *Concealment* is my *duty*, and that at least I am capable of practising.

Mrs. GROVES.

You distinguish very properly, my dear Miss *Loveless*. We should be perfect *ourselves*, before we venture to arraign the conduct of *another*. *Sport not with the character of a parent, it is a sacred deposit when placed in our hands, and it would be treachery to shew any thing but the bright side.* Miss *Rawlins* would tell me a mother-in-law is *no* parent, but I am of a different opinion, and think your father's wife claims every kind of dutiful respect that ought to be paid to a *real* mother; nay more, the child who behaves improperly to a mother-in-law, would have treated her own mother worse.

Miss LOVELESS.

It is my determination, dear madam, to follow
I your

your advice in all things ; experiencing ; as I do, hourly, your kindness, I should be ungrateful to retain my grief. Your narrative gives me hope ; besides, my papa assured me solemnly that he would make me *happy*. *Cartwright*, I begin already to recover my spirits.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I rejoice to see it my dear miss ; reflect always that many have greater sorrows than your's without your comforts ; but I must now leave you, as it is, I shall not be in time to send in my lady's supper, although she never has it till ten o'clock. The leaving you as I do with such worthy friends, relieves my heart from its uneasiness on your account. One affectionate embrace, my dear, my beloved child ! may you be blest and happy ! cherish your good disposition, and it will relieve, if it cannot cure your sorrows.

[*A knock at the door,*

Mrs. GROVES.

I wonder what visitor is coming at this un-

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usual hour. Go, my dear girls, it is prayer time, and Miss Tate will wait for you.

[As they rise to go out, enter Mr. Loveless. His daughter starts with surprise!]

MR. LOVELESS.

Start not at seeing me, my dear Maria; I come to give you pleasure. *[He takes her hand, leads her to her seat, and sits down by her.]* Pray Mrs. Groves be seated; my sweet little Lucy, how do you do? Cartwright, return, I shall go home in the coach as 'it is late, and make the servant lead my horses, we shall with ease get back in two hours.

MISS LOVELESS.

Who, my dear papa, could have thought of seeing you to-night. I hope you won't catch cold.

MR. LOVELESS.

I have not rode farther than I do every fine evening; but if I had, do you think I should mind any fatigue that was to be a mean of relieving your anxiety, my beloved child? You were, when you left me, in visible distress, and I come once more to entreat you will banish sorrow; rely on the assurances

assurances of a tender parent, and believe, that while I have breath, you shall be made as happy I can render you.

Miss LOVELESS, [throwing her arms round his neck.]

My dear! dear papa! how shall I thank you for this goodness? Indeed I will do every thing you desire me; and try to be as happy as you wish to make me.

Mr. LOVELESS,

That determination is spoken like yourself, my dear *Maria*. *Mrs. Groves*, I speak without reserve before you. Your tenderness and care of my daughter demand my warmest gratitude and confidence. *Maria* shall never be rendered unhappy by any act of mine; nor shall she find an unpleasant home. Her aunt, who is the worthiest of women, will rejoice to be a mother to her; it was her wish to be so at the time *Maria* lost her own; but I knew her fondness for her niece would even prevent her being taught such necessary accomplishments as were requisite. When therefore you, madam, have completed these, my sister shall be gratified and

made happy, by having her dear *Maria* to live with her.

Mrs. GROVES.

Your affectionate attention, sir, must give Miss *Loveless* peace and joy; she has ever hitherto been all we could wish her, and I doubt not her becoming shortly sufficiently instructed in every branch of her education, to be the adopted child of her worthy and respectable aunt.

Miss LOVELESS.

How ungrateful must I be, if I did not take pains to please such a father, and such friends! Believe me, dear papa, I will never designedly offend you, or forget the many benefits your goodness has conferred upon me.

Mr. LOVELESS.

I have all that reliance upon your conduct which I think the goodness of your disposition demands; but could wish your peace of mind restored by other reasons, in addition to my assurances. You are, now, *Maria*, come to an age to distinguish, and are blest with an understanding capable of so doing; hitherto you have known but *one* misfortune, that
indeed

indeed a *great one*, and I should hope you incapable of ever forgetting it; the loss of a good and tender mother is hard to supply; yet how many alleviations have you to be thankful for?—that dear parent's life was spared long enough to form your young mind, and direct your understanding; you knew and felt her worth, and were sensible that imitating her in every thing would be the height of perfection in yourself; this one consideration ought to overbalance any little distress, as you know that it is the lot of persons in every rank and degree to meet with some disappointments.

Mrs. GROVES.

I, Sir, will venture to answer for Miss *Loveless*, that she will think as you very sensibly advise her: sentiments similar to your's she expressed to me before you came, and I doubt not her persevering in resolutions that are calculated to render both herself and her friends happy.

Miss LOVELESS.

Indeed, madam, I will do every thing I can to please you all, and hope, if ever you find me forgetful of my promises, that you will kindly tell me, and one word will restore my obedience.

Mr.

Mr. LOVELESS.

This once I speak to you of your new sisters; but as I am become their father I am determined, if I cannot alter their mode of thinking, I will never expose their follies. They are to be pitied, because they never were taught better; nor could the attention and care they met with at one of our best schools overcome their perverted ideas; the elegant accomplishments so easily acquired there, have only, in them, added to their errors, because they encreased their conceit without encreasing their knowledge, and Mrs. *Trusty*, hurt at having scholars whom she could not mould to her wishes, has written to me, desiring I will inform your mamma, that she must decline receiving them any more. Thus you see, *Maria*, that ignorance and conceit bring their own punishment; yet these unhappy girls will not, I fear, profit even by so glaring a proof of it, and will only despise the woman who could act with so much honour.

Miss GOWER.

How ashamed I should be if my governess would not let me remain at school! but while I copy you,
my

my dear *Maria*, there will not be any danger of my being so disgraced.

Mrs. GROVES.

No, my dears; I am thankful that there is no cause to apprehend my being reduced to so disagreeable an alternative on your accounts, but I much fear there will be a necessity of sending away Miss *Rawlins*; she is quite incorrigible, and though I shall be very sorry to distress her worthy mother-in-law, yet I cannot risque the injury her example may be to my other scholars.

Mr. LOVELESS.

I am sorry, madam, you have among your young ladies one so little deserving. It is to be lamented that children are so apt to be led by bad examples, when they may always, if they please, set a good one before their eyes. I have now, *Cartwright*, something to say to you. [*She rises from her seat very respectfully.*] Sit down; I look upon you as a *friend*, not a *domestic*, and I am sure your late worthy mistress would lament your being in that situation to any person but herself.

Accept

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Accept, therefore, of this deed, it settles on you for life thirty pounds a year. : do me the favor to witness it Mrs. Groves.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

Oh! Sir! how shall I speak my thanks?

Miss LOVELESS [in great joy.]

Thank you! thank you! dear papa! I wish you joy, my good *Cartwright*; my second mother.

Mr. LOVELESS.

Pray no more thanks; you distress me. My gift is neither equal to your merit or misfortunes; but my abilities will not permit more. I must request the favour of you to continue in your place as long as we now stay in the country, which will not be many days more. Mrs. *Loveless* dislikes retirement, and I do not imagine she will again pay this part of the world a visit. If, therefore, you like it, still take the care of my house; under this promise, that if ever my family come to reside here I will send you timely notice to remove.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I will certainly, Sir, do every thing you wish me; indeed, to speak the truth, it would break
my

my heart to leave you, and my dear young lady, as long as I live.

Mr. LOVELESS.

Then you never shall; my *Maria* shall be your mistress in future, subject to no other controul, but that of seeing that she makes your days easy and happy.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

My heart will break with joy; but for my late dear mistress sorrow would long ago have ended my life. Sure the most wretched should never despair, when good so constantly comes out of evil.

Mr. LOVELESS.

Well, my worthy friend, we shall meet often, and when I come for a night or two we must indulge in talking of past scenes. My dear child will draw me frequently to this part of the world; with you and her, I shall forget that I have any vexations.

Miss LOVELESS.

I shall be impatient to see you again, papa, for you know it is a great while since I passed any time with you.

Mr.

Mr. LOVELESS.

Very well, my love, I understand you; however, I will come down again soon, perhaps in a fortnight, and, if you can obtain the permission of your governess, you and my little *Lucy* shall come and pass a week with me, and then I think, *Cartwright*, you'll repent of your promise.

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I do not fear, Sir; the pleasure of seeing you and the dear children once more together will renew my youth,

Mr. LOVELESS [*looks at his watch.*]

It is near time; we must go now. Do not look grave, *Maria*; let your father have the comfort of leaving you with a smiling countenance. Consider my happiness depends on you; if you are content, my heart will be at ease.

Miss LOVELESS.

Indeed, my dear papa, I am truly happy. I shall do nothing but smile for a great while. Pray offer my duty to my mamma, and love to my sisters. I shall still indulge the hope of making them love me. Much as I am attached to my
 dear

dear aunt, I will not desert you to live with her, till every effort that I can devise for gaining the affection of my new relations fails of success.

Mr. LOVELESS.

My dear, my amiable girl! may your dutifulness and generosity meet with their just reward. Depend on me, I will say every thing that is proper; and this attention endears you to me more than ever. God bless you! [*He embraces her with great affection, then kisses Lucy.*] I shall, my dear Lucy, carry a good account of you to your parents, and brothers and sisters. Farewel; do not dream too much of the week we are to pass together. Mrs. Groves, I wish you a good evening. Cartwright, you'll follow me.

[*Goes out.*]

Mrs. CARTWRIGHT.

I will only stay to give my dear Miss Loveless one kiss. Adieu, my beloved girl; and my other child, my sweet Miss Gower. [*Salutes them both.*] Mrs. Groves good night.

[*Goes out hastily.*]

Q

Mrs.

Mrs. GROVES.

Well, my dear girls, I think we may now make ourselves perfectly contented. You have such a father, Miss *Loveless*, that you can never be unhappy whilst he lives. Go into the little parlour, I will follow you; where I shall permit you to sup with me, as all the young ladies have been in bed this hour; we will there talk over the occurrences of the day, and I shall relate to you several other little histories that recur to my memory, which I flatter myself will confirm your hopes of gaining the affection of Mrs. *Loveless* and the Miss *Blombergs*. For my own part, I am fully convinced, that *when there are dissensions in mixed families, there are usually faults on both sides; and that if one party has but good sense enough to yield, they may in time overcome both ill-nature and prejudice.*

[*They go out severally.*][*The curtain drops.*]

END OF VOL. I.